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## To the Music Lover

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**H**ERE they are—all under one cover—a band, two hundred strong, of songs which immortalize the joys of home, the happiness of lovers, the innocence of children, the patriotism of nations, the romances of opera, the faith of religion, and shed a brighter lustre on every phase of our existence. Whether your mood be sad or glad, whether you wish to play or sing, "Songs The Whole World Sings" has within it—waiting your call—all those priceless gems of song which have been bequeathed us by our forefathers, and which it will be our sweetest pleasure to place in the loving care of future generations.

THE EDITOR.

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## Grandfather's Clock

HENRY C. WORK

Moderato

*p*

1. My grand-father's clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood nine-ty years on the  
 2. In watch-ing its pen- du- lum swing to and fro, Man-y hours had he spent while a  
 3. My grand-fa-ther said that of those he could hire, Not a ser- vant so faith-ful he  
 4. It rang an a- larm in the dead of the night An a- larm that for years had been

*p*

floor;— It was tall - er by half than the old man him-self, Though it  
 boy;— And in child - hood and man - hood the clock seem'd to know And to  
 found;— For it wa - sted no time and had but one de-sire At the  
 dumb;— And we knew that his spir - it was plum-ing for flight, That his

*mf*

weighed not a pen-ny weight more.— It was bought on the morn of the  
 share both his grief and his joy.— For it struck twen-ty-four when he  
 close of each week to be wound.— And it kept in its place, not a  
 hour of de-part-ure had come.— Still the clock kept the time, with a

day that he was born, And was al - ways his treas - ure and pride.  
 en-ter'd at the door, With a bloom-ing and beau - ti - ful bride.  
 frown up-on its face, And its hands nev - er hung by its side. But it  
 soft and muffled chime, As we si - lent - ly stood by his side.



stopp'd short nev-er to go a-gain When the old man died. Nine-ty

*mf* CHORUS

years, with-out slum-ber-ing (tick, tock, tick, tock) His life se-conds num-ber-ing

*cresc* (tick, tock, tick, tock,) It *dim* stopp'd short nev-er to go a-gain When the old man died.

## Old Folks At Home

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee rib-er, Far, far a-way;
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love;

Dere's wha' my heart is turn-ing eb-er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.  
Den man-y hap-py days I squan-dered, Man-y de songs I sung.  
Still sad-ly to my mem'-ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.

*mf*

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion,  
 When I was play - ing wid my brud - der,  
 When will I see de bees a - hum - ming,

*mf*

Sad - ly I roam;  
 Hap - py was I;  
 All 'round de comb;  
 Still long - ing for de  
 Oh, take me to my  
 When will I hear de

old plan - ta - tion,  
 kind old mud - der,  
 ban - jo tum - ming,  
 And for de old folks at home.  
 Dere let me live and die.  
 Down in my good old home?

*f*

All de world am sad and drear-y;  
 Eb-'ry whar I roam,

*f*

Oh! dar-kies how my heart grows wea-ry,  
 Far from de old folks at home.

# Home, Sweet Home

11

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

HENRY R. BISHOP

Andante

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces\_ though\_ we may roam, Be it  
2. I\_ gaze\_ on the moon as I\_ tread\_ the drear wild, And\_  
3. An - ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain, Oh\_

ev - er so hum - ble there's no\_ place like home. A\_  
feel\_ that my moth - er now thinks\_ of her child. As she  
give\_ me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain. The

charm\_ from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,  
looks\_ on that moon from our own\_ cot - tage door, Thro' the  
birds\_ sing - ing gai - ly that came\_ at my call, Give me

seek\_ thro' the world is ne'er met with else - where.  
wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more.  
them\_ and that peace of mind dear - er than all.

Home,

Home,

Home sweet

home. There's



*f* no — place like home, Oh, there's no — place like home.

## The Vacant Chair

GEO. F. ROOT

With feeling

*p* 1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall  
 2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bo-som swell At re-  
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry, Ev-er more will deck his brow, But this

*cresc*

*f* lin-ger to ca-ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r When a'  
 mem-brance of the sto-ry How our no-ble Wil-lie fell, How he  
 soothes the an-guish on-ly, Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-

*dim*

*mf* year a-go we gath-ered Joy was in his mild blue eyes, But a  
 strove to bear our ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight, And up-  
 day, oh, ear-ly fal-len, In thy green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges

*dim*

gold-en chord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru-in lie.  
 hold our coun-try's hon-or, In the strength of man-hood's might. We shall  
 from the pine and cy-press, Min-gle with the tears we shed.

*p*

meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall

*f* *dim.*

lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r.

## Home, Home, Can I Forget Thee?

FOLK SONG

Andante

*p*

1. Home, home, can I for- get thee? Dear, dear, dear- ly lov'd home.  
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear, friends do not mourn.

No, No, still I re- gret thee Tho' I may far from thee roam.  
Home, home, once more re- ceive me Quick-ly to thee I'll re- turn.

*f* *cresc.* *dim.*

Home, home, home, home, dear-est and happi-est home.

# Mother's Old Red Shawl

C. MOULAND

Moderato

*p*

1. It now lies on the shelf, it is fa - ded and torn, That  
 2. Oh, my heart of - ten aches with a dull throbbing pain, When  
 3. Oh, how bright - ly her face to my mem - 'ry ap - pears, That

dear old shawl by moth - er  
 child - hood vis - ions come a -  
 face so dear to child - hood's  
 worn, — 'Tis all that is left for this  
 gain, — And sad - ly I think of the  
 years, — How sweet sounds her voice, with a

heart to a - dore, To bring to mind those hap - py days of  
 days that are past, Too joy - ous and too beau - ti - ful to  
 ca - dence of love, Though now 'tis tuned to mel - o - dies a -

yore; How of - ten the hands to these folds have been press'd, That  
 last; Oh, fond, love - ly child - hood made bright by the smile Of  
 bove; For life glides a - way like a tale that is told, But

now be - neath the dais - ies are at rest; — The  
 one whose love could ev - 'ry care be - guile; — How  
 joys of child - hood nev - er can grow old; — And



tears come un-bid-den and si-lent-ly fall, To  
glad-ly I'd fly from the worlds bit-ter thrall, To  
vis-ions of moth-er, so dear to us all, Come

*dim.* *p*  
gleam like gems on moth-er's old red shawl. It is  
seek the heart that throbb'd be-neath this shawl.  
back when-e'er I see her old red shawl.

use-ful no more, Yet I fond-ly a-dore That

dear old shawl my moth-er wore, — And thro' life it shall be a loved

*cresc.* *f*  
treasure to me, That lit-tle old red shawl my moth-er wore.

# The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

Moderato

*mp*

1 How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When  
 2 The moss cov-er'd buck-et I hail as a treas-ure, For  
 3 How soon from the green mos-sy rim to re-ceive it, As

fond rec-ol-lec-tion pre-sents them to view, The or-ward, the mead-ow, the  
 of - ten at noon when re - turn'd from the field, I — found it the source of an  
 pois'd on the curb it re - clind to my lips, Not a full flow-ing gob - let could

deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my in-fan-cy knew. 'The  
 ex - qui-site pleas-ure, The pur-est and sweet-est that na-ture can yield How  
 tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec - tar that Ju-pi-ter sips. And

wide spread-ing stream, — the mill that stood near it, The  
 ar - dent I seized it with hands that were glow-ing, And  
 now far re - moved from the loved sit - u - a - tion, The

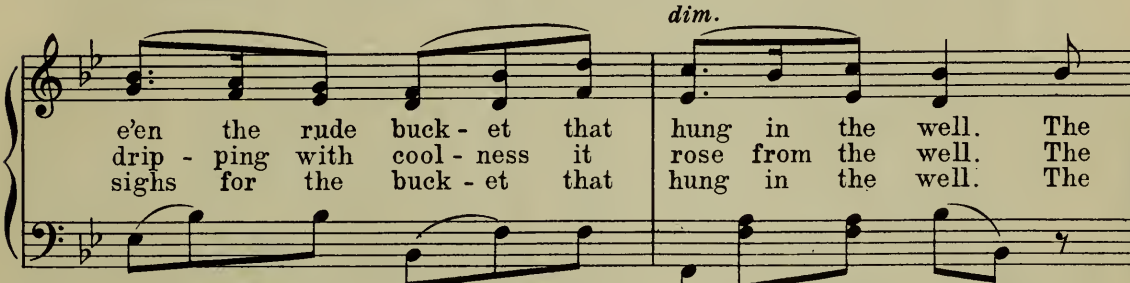
bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell. The  
 quick to the white peb - bled bot - tom it fell. Then  
 tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell. As

*mf*



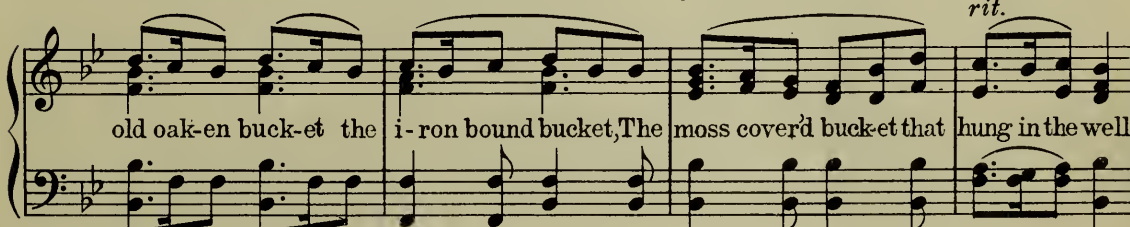
cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house by it, And  
soon with the em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And  
fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And

*dim.*



e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. The  
drip - ping with cool - ness it rose from the well. The  
sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. The

*rit.*

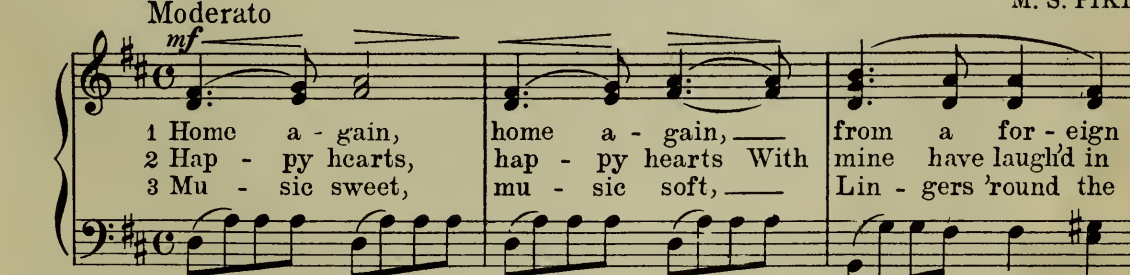


old oak - en buck - et the i - ron bound bucket, The moss cover'd buck - et that hung in the well.


## Home Again

M. S. PIKE

*Moderato*  
*mf*



1 Home a - gain, home a - gain, — from a for - eign  
2 Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts With mine have laugh'd in  
3 Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, — Lin - gers 'round the



shore, And oh! it fills my soul with joy, To  
glee, But oh! the friends I lov'd in youth, Seem  
place, And oh! I feel the child - hood charm, That



meet my friends once more; Here I dropp'd the  
hap - pi - er to me; If my guide should  
time can - not ef - face; Then give me but my

*cresc.* *dim.*  
part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam, But  
be the fate, Which bids me lon - ger roam, But  
home - stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome, For

now I'm once a - gain with those, Who kind - ly greet me home.  
death a - lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.  
I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.

*mf*  
Home a - gain, home a - gain, from a for - eign shore, And

*dim.*  
oh, it! fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

# I Cannot Sing The Old Songs

CLARIBEL

Moderato

*mf*

1. I can - not sing the old songs, I sung long years a - go For  
 2. I can - not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep, Their  
 3. I can - not sing the old songs, For vis - ions come a - gain, Of

heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For  
 mel - o - dies would wa - ken Old sor - rows from their sleep; And  
 gold - en dreams de - part - ed And years of wea - ry pain; Per -

by - gone hours come o'er my heart, with each fa - mil - iar strain I  
 though all un - for - got - ten still, and sad - ly sweet they be, — I  
 haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall have set my spir - it free, My

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain, I  
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me, I  
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty, My

*cresc**dim*

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.  
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.  
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

# The Dearest Spot On Earth

W. T. WRIGHTON

Moderato

*mf*

1 The dear - est spot on earth to me is Home, ——— sweet  
2 I've taught my heart the way to prize my Home, ——— sweet

*mf**cresc.*

Home! The fai - ry - land I long to see Is  
Home! I've learned to look with lov - er's eyes On

*dim.**mf*

Home ——— sweet Home.  
Home ——— sweet Home.  
Then how charm'd the Then when vows are

*cresc.*

sense of hear - ing, Then when hearts are so en - dear - ing  
tru - ly plight - ed, Then when hearts are so u - nit - ed

*cresc.**dim.*

all the world is not so cheer - ing as Home ——— sweet  
all the world be - sides I slight - ed for Home ——— sweet



Home. The dear - est spot on earth to - me is

Home sweet Home, The fair - y - land I've

long'd to — see is Home, sweet — Home.

*mf*

*cresc.*

*f*

## The Old Arm-Chair

Andante, with expression

HENRY RUSSELL

1 I love it, I love it, and who shall — dare To  
2 I sat and watch'd her man - y a day, When her  
3 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With

chide me for lov - ing that old arm chair, I've treas - ured it long as a  
eye grew dim and her locks were grey, And I al - most wor - shipp'd her  
quiv - er - ing breath and throb - bing brow, 'Twas there she nurs'd me 'twas —

*p*

*mf*

ho - ly prize, I've be - dew'd it with tears, and en -  
 when she smil'd, — And turn'd from her bi - ble to  
 there she died, — And mem - 'ry flows with —

*cresc.*

balmd it with sighs; 'Tis bound by a thou - sand bands to my heart, Not a  
 bless her child. — Years roll'd on, but the last one sped, My —  
 la - va - tide. — Say it is fol - ly and deem me weak, While the

*dim. mf*

*cresc.* *dim.* *mf*

tie will break, not a link will start, Would ye learn the spell, a  
 i - dol was shat - ter'd my earth star fled: I learnt how much the  
 scald - ing drops start down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and

*dim.*

moth - er sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that old arm chair,  
 heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm chair.  
 can - not tear My soul from a moth - er's old arm chair.

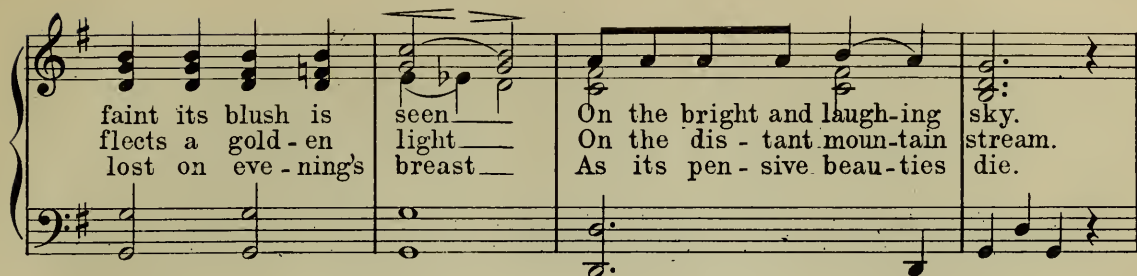
## There's Music in the Air

Moderato con moto

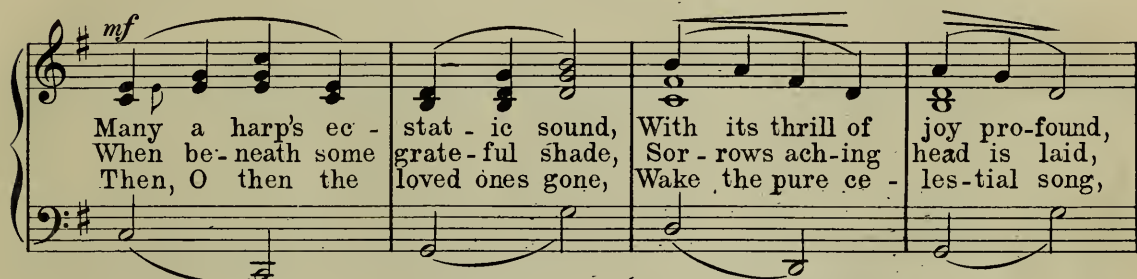
G. F. ROOT

*mf*

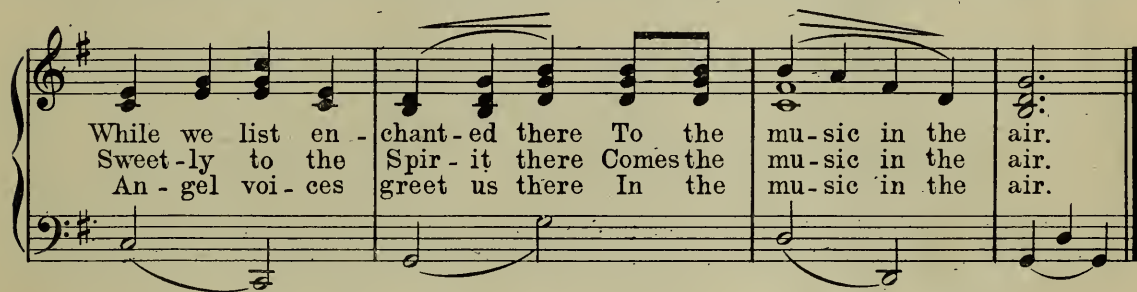
1. There's mu - sic in the air — When the in - fant morn is nigh, And  
 2. There's mu - sic in the air — When the noon - tide's sul - try beam Re -  
 3. There's mu - sic in the air — When the twi - light's gen - tle sigh Is



faint its blush is seen On the bright and laugh-ing sky.  
fleets a gold-en light On the dis-tant moun-tain stream.  
lost on eve-nings breast As its pen-sive beau-ties die.



*mf*  
Many a harp's ec-stat-ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro-found,  
When be-neath some grate-ful shade, Sor-rows ach-ing head is laid,  
Then, O then the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce-les-tial song,

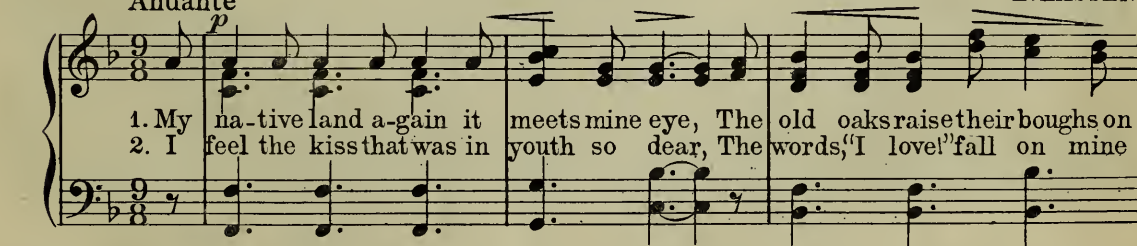


While we list en-chant-ed there To the mu-sic in the air.  
Sweet-ly to the Spir-it there Comes the mu-sic in the air.  
An-gel voi-ces greet us there In the mu-sic in the air.

## Ah! 'Tis a Dream

Andante

E. LASSEN



*p*  
1. My na-tive land a-gain it meets mine eye, The old oaks raise their boughs on  
2. I feel the kiss that was in youth so dear, The words, "I love!" fall on mine



*f* *dim.*  
high, The vi-o-lets greet-ing seem, Ah! 'tis a dream.  
ear, - I see - thine eyes soft beam! Ah! 'tis a dream.



## Be Kind To The Loved Ones At Home

I. B. WOODBURY

Andante

*mf*

1. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond-ly as  
 2. Be kind to thy moth-er, for lol on her brow May tra-ces of sor-row be  
 3. Be kind to thy broth-er, his heart will have dearth, If the smile of thy joy be with-

*mf*

he? He caught the first ac-cents that fell from thy tongue, And  
 seen; Oh, well may'st thou cher-ish and com-fort her now, For  
 drawn. The flow-ers of feel-ing will fade at their birth, If the

*mf*

joined in thy in-no-cent glee. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for  
 lov-ing and kind hath she been. Re-mem-ber thy moth-er, for  
 dew of af-fec-tion be gone. Be kind to thy broth-er, where-

*cresc.* *f*

now he is old, His locks in-ter-min-gled with gray, His  
 thee she will pray, As long as God giv-eth her breath; With  
 ev-er thou art, The love of a broth-er shall be An

*mf*

foot-steps are fee-ble, once fear-less and bold, Thy fa-ther is pass-ing a-way.  
 ac-cents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val-ley of death.  
 or-na-ment pur-er and rich-er by far, Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

# Do They Miss Me At Home?

25

Moderato

*mf*

1. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me? 'Twould  
 2. When—twi - light ap - proach - es, the sea - son That  
 3. Do they set me a chair near the ta - ble When

*cresc*

be an as-sur-ance most dear, To know that this mo-moment some loved one, Were  
 ev-er is sa-cred to song, Does some one re-peat my name o - ver, And  
 ev'-ning's home pleasures are nigh, When the can-dles are lit in the par-lor, And the

*dim*

*mf*

say-ing, I wish he were here; To feel that the group at the fire-side Were  
 sigh that I tar-ry so long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic That's  
 stars in the calm a-zure sky? And when the "good-nights" are re-peat-ed And

think-ing of me as I roam, Oh — yes, 'twould be joy be-yond meas-ure To  
 miss'd when my voice is a way, And a chord in each heart that a wak-eth Re-  
 all lay them down to their sleep, Do they think of the ab-sent and wait me A

*cresc*

*dim*

know that they miss'd me at home, To know that they miss'd me at home. —  
 gret at my wea-ri-some stay, Re- gret at my wea-ri-some stay? —  
 whis-per'd "good-night" while they weep, A whis-per'd "good-night" while they weep? —

## Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

Moderato

*mf*

1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And nev-er brought to  
 2. We twa ha'e run a'-bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans  
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the barn, Frae morn-in' sun til

*f*

mind, Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And  
 fine, But we've wan-der'd mon-y a wea-ry foot, Sin'  
 dine, But— seas be-tween us braid ha'e roar'd, Sin'

*mf*

days o' Lang— Syne;  
 Auld — Lang— Syne; For Auld — Lang—  
 Auld — Lang— Syne;

*f*

Syne, my dear, For Auld — Lang — Syne, We'll

*dim*

tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For— Auld — Lang — Syne.



# Three Fishers

27

Andante

JOHN HULLAH

*mf*

1. Three fish - ers went sail - ing out in - to the west, Out —  
2. Three wives — sat up in the light - house tow'r And they  
3. Three corps-es lay out on the shin - ing sands, In the

in - to the west as the sun went down; Each thought on the wo - man who  
trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down; They look'd at the squall, and they  
morn - ing gleam as the tide went down; And the wo - men are weep - ing and

*mf*

lov'd him the best, And the chil - dren stood watching them out of the town; For  
look'd at the show'r, And the night-rack came roll - ing up rag - ged and brown! But  
wring - ing their hands For — those who will nev - er come back to the town; For

*p*

men must work, and wo - men must weep, And there's lit - tle to earn, — and  
men must work, and wo - men must weep, — Though storms be sud - den, and  
men must work, and wo - men must weep, And the soon - er it's o - ver, the

*dim*

man - y to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar — be moan - ing.  
wa - ters deep, And the har - bor bar — be  
soon - er to sleep, And good - bye to the bar and it's

# Do They Think Of Me At Home?

C.W. GLOVER

*Andante With feeling*

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev-er think of me? I who  
 2. Do they think of me at eve, Of the song I used to sing? Is the  
 3. Do they think of how I loved, In my hap-py, ear-ly days? Do they

shared their ev-'ry grief, I who min-gled in their glee? Have their  
 harp I struck un-touch'd, Does a stran-ger wake the string? Will no  
 think of him who came, But could nev-er win their praise? I am

hearts grown cold and strange, To the one now doom'd to roam? I would  
 kind for-giv-ing word, Come a-cross the rag-ing foam? Shall I  
 hap-py by his side, And from mine he'll nev-er roam. But my

give the world to know Do they think of me at home? I would  
 nev-er cease to sigh "Do they think of me at home?" Shall I  
 heart will sad-ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?" But my

give the world to know Do they think of me at home?  
 nev-er cease to sigh "Do they think of me at home?"  
 heart will sad-ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"

## Serenade

F. SCHUBERT

Moderato

*pp*

*p*

Thro' the leaves the night winds mov - ing, Mur - mur low and sweet;  
Moon-light on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rustl-ing low;

*mf* *dim.*

To thy cham - ber wind - ow rov - ing  
Where the dark - ling streams are creep - ing

*mf* *dim.*

love hath led my feet.  
Dear - est, let us go.

*p*

Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing Link us though a - part,  
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to thee,



Link us tho' a - part.  
While I sing to thee.

On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing  
And the night for love is giv - en,

To — thy dream-ing heart,  
Dear-est come to me,

To — thy dream-ing heart.  
Dear-est come to me.

1st Ending

pp

2nd Ending

Sad - ly in the for-est mourn-ing  
Wails the whip-poor-will;

*f* And <sup>*my*</sup> the heart for thee is yearn - ing;

*dim.* *p* Bid it, love, be still, *F*

*f* Bid it, love, be still. *dim.* Bid it,

love, be still. *ff*

*dim.*

# Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

THOMAS MOORE

Andante

*mf*

1. Be-lieve me, if all those en-dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond-ly to  
 2. It— is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un-pro-faned by a

day, — Were to change by to-mor-row and fleet in my arms, Like *the*  
 tear, — That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which

fair-y gifts fad-ing a - way, — Thou wouldst still be a-dored, as this  
 time will but make thee more dear, — Oh, the heart that has tru - ly lov'd

mo-ment thou art, Let thy love - li-ness fade as it will, — And a-  
 nev-er for-gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close, — As the

*mf* round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart, Would en-twine it-self ver-dant-ly still —  
*f* sun-flow-er turns on her God when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose —  
*dim.*



# Voices of the Woods

33

Melody by A. RUBINSTEIN

Arr. by MICHAEL WATSON

Moderato

1. Wel - come sweet spring - time! We greet thee in song,  
2. Wel - come sweet spring - time! What joy now is ours,

Mur - murs of glad - ness fall on the ear, —  
Win - ter has fled to far dis - tant climes, —

Voi - ces long hush'd, now their full note pro - long, —  
Flo - ra, thy pres - ence a - waits in the bow - ers,

E - cho - ing far and near.  
long - ing for thy com - mands.

Sun - shine now wakes all the flow' - rets from sleep,  
Brook - lets are whisp - 'ring as on - ward they flow,

*mf*

Joy giv - ing in - sence floats on the air, — Snow - drop and  
Songs of de light at thy glad re - turn, — Bound - less the

prim - rose both tim - id - ly peep — Pal - ing the  
wealth thou in love dost be - stow — Ev - er with

glad new year. Balm - y and life breath - ing  
lav - ish hand. How nat - ure loves thee, each

*p*

breez - es are blow - ing, Swift - ly to na - ture new  
glad - voice dis - clos - es, Her - ald thou art of the

*p*

vi - gor be - stow - ing, Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a -  
time - of the ro - ses, Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a -

*p* *dim.*

new, As earth's fair-est beau-ties a - gain meet my view.  
new, As earth's fair-est beau-ties a - gain meet my view.

Sing, then, ye birds! raise your voi - ces on high;

*mf*

Flow - 'rets a - wake ye! Burst in - to bloom; —

*p* *mf*

Spring - time is come; and sweet sum - mer is nigh, —

Sing, then, ye birds, O sing!



# Thine Eyes So Blue And Tender

Andante Espressivo

E. LASSEN

*p*

\* 1. Thine eyes so blue and ten - der,  
2. Thy soft and gold - en tress - es,

*p*

When their soft glance I seek, — A - wake me to vis - ions of splen - dor,  
Like a chair bind my heart, — So lov - ing and sweet their ca - res - es,

*mf*

Thoughts that I may not speak.  
1. Dear eyes so blue and  
2. Ah! bright and silk - en

Nev - er from me de - part!

ten - der, I see them ev - 'ry - where! — My  
tress - es, That haunt me ev - 'ry - where! — As

*cresc*

*rit et dim* *atempo*  
*p*

soul like waves — of o - cean, they drown in life so fair!  
some poor bird — that flut - ters, my spir - it you en - snare!

# Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

37

Old English

Andantino

*p* *cresc* *dim*

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, - and I — will pledge with  
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so — much hon - 'ring

*p* *cresc*

mine, — Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and  
thee, — As giv - ing it a hope that there it

*dim*

I'll not ask for wine; — The thirst that from the  
could not with - ered be; — But thou there - on did'st

*cresc* *cresc*

soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, —  
on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, —

*f* *dim*

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, — I would not change for thine. —  
Since when it grows and smells I swear, not of it - self, but thee. —

# "Alice, Where Art Thou?"

J. ASCHER

Moderato

*p* *cresc.*

*dim. e rit.* *a tempo* 1. The birds sleep - ing gent - ly,  
2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing,

*cresc.* *dim.*

Sweet Lu-na gleam-eth bright, Her rays tinge the for-est, And all seems glad to-  
Just as it fall - eth now, — And all things slept gently, Oh! Al-ice, where art

*mf*

night. The wind sigh-ing by me, — Cool - ing my fevered brow; The  
thou? I've sought thee by lake-let, I've sought thee — on the hill; And

*cresc.* *dim.* *Animato* *f*

stream flows as — ev - er, Yet Al - ice, Where art thou? One year back this  
in the pleas-ant wild-wood, When winds blow cold and chill. I've sought thee in



*p.*

e - ven, And thou wert by my side, — One year back this  
for - est, I'm look - ing heav'n - ward, now, I've sought thee in

*rit.* *p.*

e - ven, And thou wert by my side. Vow - -  
for - est, I'm look - ing heav'n - ward now. Oh!

*f.*

ing there 'mid to the love me; One year past this  
star - shine; I've sought thee in

*dim.* *p.*

e - ven And thou wert by my side, Vow - ing to  
for - est I'm look - ing heav'n - ward now, Oh! — there a -

*rit.* *a tempo*

love me, Al - ice, What e'er might be - tide!  
mid the star shine Al - ice I know, art thou!

# The Low Back'd Car

SAMUEL LOVER

Allegretto

*mf* *cresc.*

1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a market day; A  
 2. In bat-tles wide com-mo-tion, The proud and might-y Mars, With

*dim.*

low-back'd car she drove, and sat Up-on a truss of hay, But  
 hos-tile seythes de-mands his tythes Of death, in war-like cars. But

when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No  
 Peg-gy, peace-ful god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That

*mf* *dim.* *cresc.* *dim.*

flow'r was there, that could com-pare, To the bloom-ing girl I sing! As she  
 knock men down in the mar-ket town, As— right and left they fly! While she

*mf* *cresc.*

sat in her low back'd car, The man at the turn-pike bar, Nev-er  
 sits in her low back'd car, Than bat-tle more dan-g'rous far, For the

*dim e rit.*

ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.  
 doc - tor's art, Can-not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.

## Sally In Our Alley

H. CAREY

Andante

*p* *dim.* *p*

1. Of all the girls that are so smart There's none like pretty Sal-ly; She is the  
 2. Of all the days that's in the week, I dear-ly love but one day And that's the

*dim.*

dar - ling of my heart - And she lives in our al-ley. There's ne'er a  
 day - that comes be - twixt - The Sat - ur - day and Mon-day. For then I'm

*cresc.* *f* *f*

la - dy in this land, That's half so sweet as Sal - ly; She is the  
 drest all in my best, To walk a-broad with Sal - ly; She is the

*f* *dim.*

dar - ling of my heart - And she lives down in - our al - ley.  
 dar - ling of my heart - And she lives down in - our al - ley.



## Nancy Lee

STEPHEN ADAMS

Allegro

*mf*

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo  
 2. The har- bours past the breez- es blow, Yeo  
 3. The boa's 'n pipes the watch be low, Yeo

ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! yeo ho! There's none like  
 ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! yeo ho! 'Tis long, e'er  
 ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! yeo ho! Then here's a

*cresc.*

Nan- cy Lee I trow, Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo  
 we come back I know, Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo  
 health be-fore us go, Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

ho! See there she stands an' waves her hand up on the  
 ho! But true an' bright from morn till night my home will  
 ho! A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at

quay, An' ev-'ry day when I'm a-way, she'll watch for me, An'  
 be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for Jack at sea, An'  
 sea, An' keep our bones from Dav-y Jones, wher e'er you be, An'

*cresc.*

whis - per low, when tem - pests blow, for Jack at  
Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an' wel come  
may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy

*ff* *f*

sea, Yeo - ho! lads ho! yo - ho!  
me, Yeo - ho! lads ho! yo - ho!  
Lee, Yeo - ho! lads ho! yo - ho! The

*f*

sail - or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, Yeo - ho! we -

go a - cross the sea, The sail - or's wife the sail - or's

*cresc.* *ff*

star shall be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.

## La Paloma

(The Dove)

S. YRADIER

Moderato

*mf*

1. The day that I left my home for the roll-ing sea,  
2. And when I came home, from Ni - na to part no more,

*mf*

I said "Moth - er dear, oh, pray to thy God for  
To rest with my moth - er dear on my na - tive

*mf*

me." And ere we sailed I  
shore. A - dieu to the ship where

*mf*

went a fond leave to take Of Ni -  
oft - en with chang - ing mind I've laughed

*mf*

— na, who wept as if her poor heart would break. "Ni - na, if I should  
— and I've wept as veer'd the light chang-ing wind. Then comes the day, the



lie and o'er o - cean's foam, Soft - ly a white dove  
hap - py and bles - sed day, Chas - ing all sad - ness,

on a fair eve should come. Op - en thy lat - tice, dear - est, for it will  
sor - row and care a - way. Ni - na so fair, all smiles will be by my

be, My faith - ful soul that lov - ing comes back to thee!  
side! Ni - na so dear, will be my own blush - ing bride!

— Oh! a life on the sea! Sing - ing joy - ous and free, Ah!

— we're go - ing None are so gay as we!

*mf*

Ahl a life on the sea! Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Oh! —

we're go - ing None are so gay as we!

*dim.*

## Soldier's Farewell

JOHANNA KINKEL

Slowly

*p*

How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And  
Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With

*cresc.* *cresc.* *f* *p*

then what-e'er be-falls me, I go where hon-or calls me. Fare-  
spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad-vanc-ing, Fare-

Espressivo

well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare -  
well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare -

*f* well, fare - well, my own true love.  
well, fare - well, my own true love.

*dim. et rit.*

## Comin' Thro' the Rye

Moderato

ROBERT BURNS

*mf*

— Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy com - in' thro' the rye,  
— Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy com - in' frae the town,  
A - mong the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel' But

*dim.*

Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy need a bo - dy cry?  
Gin a bo - dy greet a bo - dy need a bo - dy frown?  
where's his home and what his name I din - na care to tell!

*f*

Ev - ry las - sie has her lad - die, nane they say, — hae I, Yet

*dim.*

a' the lads they smile at me when com - in' through the rye.



## Last Night

H. KJERULF

Andante con moto

*p*

Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was  
 I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by

still, night, It I sang in the gold - en moon - light, From  
 night, I wake and I would you were here, love, And

*rit.* *mf*

out the wood - land hill. I o - pen'd my win - dow so gent -  
 tears are blind - ing my sight, I hear a low breath in the lime

ly; I look'd on the dream - ing dew, And oh! the the  
 tree; The wind is float - ing through, And oh! the

*rit. et dim.*

bird, my dar-ling, was sing - ing, sing-ing of you of you  
 night, my dar-ling, is sigh - ing, sigh-ing of you of you

# The Loreley

F. SILCHER

Andante

*mf*

1. I know not what spell is en-chant-ing, That makes me sad-ly in-  
 2. The fair - est maid is re-clin - ing, In daz - zling beau - ty  
 3. The boat - man in his bo - som, Feels pain - ful long - ings

*mf*

clined, — An old — strange leg - end is haunt - ing, And  
 there, — Her gild - ed rai - ment is shin - ing, She  
 stir, — He sees — not dan - ger be - fore him, But

will not leave — my  
 combs her gold - en  
 ga - zes up — at

mind; — The  
 hair; — With  
 her; — The

day - light slow - ly is  
 gold - en comb — she's  
 wat - ers sure — must

*cresc.**dim.*

go - ing, And  
 comb - ing, And  
 swal - low, The

calm - ly flows — the  
 as she combs — she  
 boat and him — ere

Rhine, — The  
 sings, — Her  
 long, — And

*cresc.**dim.*

moun-tain's peak is  
 song — a - midst the  
 thus — is seen the

glow - ing, In  
 gloam - ing, A  
 pow - er, Of

eve - ning's mel - low  
 weird en - chant - ment  
 cru - el Lor - e - leys

shine. —  
 brings. —  
 song. —

## Ben Bolt

NELSON KNEASS

Moderato

*mf**cresc.*

1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber, sweet  
 2. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber, the

Al-ice, Ben-Bolt, Sweet  
 wood,— Ben-Bolt, Near the

*dim.**cresc.*

Al-ice with hair so — brown;  
 green sun-ny slope of the hill,

She wept with de-light when you  
 When oft — we have sung 'neath its

*dim.*

gave her — a smile, And — trembled with fear — at your frown. In the  
 wide spread-ing shade, And kept time to the click — of the mill. The —

old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a  
 mill has gone to de-cay,— Ben Bolt, And a

cor-ner ob-scure and a-  
 qui-et now reigns all a-

lone. — They have fit-ted a slab of —  
 round. — See the old rus - tic porch with its

gran-ite so grey, And sweet  
 ro-ses so sweet, Lies —



*dim.* *cresc.*

Al - ice lies un - der the stone. They have fit - ted a slab of —  
 seat-ter'd and fall'n to the ground. See the old rus-tic porch, with its

*dim.*

gran-ite so grey, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.  
 ro - ses so sweet, Lies — seat-ter'd and fall'n to the ground.

## Darling Nelly Gray

Moderato

B.R. HANDY

*mf*

1. There's a  
 2. One —  
 3. My —

low — green - val - ley on the old Ken-tuck - y shore, There I've  
 night I went to see her, but "she's gone!" the neigh-bors say, The —  
 eyes are get-ting blind-ed, and I can - not see the way, Hark! there's

*dim.*

whiled man-y hap - py hours a - way, — A — sitting and a-sing-ing by the  
 white man — bound her with his chain, — They have taken her to Georgia for to  
 some-bod-y knock-ing at the door, — Oh! I hear the angels call-ing and I

lit - tle cot - tage door, Where  
wear her life a - way, As she  
see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare -

lived my — dar - ling Nel - ly  
toils in the cot - ton and the  
well to the old Ken - tuck - y

Gray. ——— Oh! my  
cane. ——— Oh! my  
shore. ——— Oh! my

poor — Nel - ly Gray, they have  
poor — Nel - ly Gray, they have  
dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, up in

tak - en you a - way, And I'll  
tak - en you a - way, And I'll  
heav - en there they say, That they'll

nev - er see my dar - ling an - y  
nev - er see my dar - ling an - y  
nev - er take you from me an - y

*dim.*

more, ——— I'm —  
more, ——— I'm —  
more, ——— I'm a -

*mf*

sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm  
sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm  
com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, as the

weep - ing all the day, For you've  
weep - ing all the day, For you've  
an - gels clear the way, Fare -

gone from the old Ken - tuck - y  
gone from the old Ken - tuck - y  
well to the old Ken - tuck - y

shore. —  
shore. —  
shore. —

## Annie Laurie

LADY SCOTT

Andante

*p*

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where  
 2. Her — brow is like the snow - drift, Her

ear - ly falls the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie  
 throat is like the swan, Her — face it is the

*dim.* *mf*

Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true. Gave me her prom - ise  
 fair - est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone

*f*

true, And ne'er for - get will I, But for  
 on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for

*dim.*

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay - me down and dee.  
 bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay - me down and dee.



## In Old Madrid

H. TROTÉRE

Tempo di Bolero

*f* *p* *mf* *mf* *p* *mf* *cresc.*

1. Long years a  
2. Far, far, a

go, in old Ma-drid, Wheresoftly sighs of love the light gui-tar, Two sparkling  
way, from old Ma-drid, Her lov-er fell long years ago for Spain, A con-vent

eyes, a lat-tice hid, Two eyes as dark-ly bright as love's own star! There  
veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain. But

on the case-ment ledge when day was o'er, A ti-ny hand was  
still between the dusk and night, 'tis said Her white hand opes the

light-ly laid; A face look'd out, as from the riv-er shore, There's  
lat-tice wide, The faint sweet ech-o of that ser-en-ade, Floats

*rit* *a tempo* *mf*

stole a ten-der ser-a - nade! Rang the lov-er's hap - py song,  
 weird-ly o'er the mist-y tide! Still she lists her lov - er's song,

*cresc*

Light and low from shore to shore, But Ah! the riv - er flow'd a-long Be-  
 Still he sings up - on the shore, Tho' flows a stream than all more strong Be-

*f* *rit*

tween them ev - er - more.  
 tween them ev - er - more.

*p* *Tenderly.*

Come, my love, the stars are shin-ing, Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh - ing,

*p* *rit* 1 *D.C.*

Come, for thee a heart is pin-ing, Here a-lone I wait for thee.

thee, a-lone I wait, I wait for thee, — my love, I wait for thee, O come my love, I wait for thee, I wait for thee, my love, for thee

*f* *rit*

## How Can I Leave Thee!

(Treue Liebe)

German Song

Andante

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part!  
 2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not,"  
 3. Would I a bird - were! Soon at thy side to be,

*cresc* *dim*

Thou on - ly hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve;  
 Wear it up - on thy heart, And think of me.  
 Fal - con nor hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee.

Thou hast this soul of mine, So close - ly bound to thine,  
 Flow - 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay,  
 When by the fowl - er slain, I at thy feet should lie,



*dim*

No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!  
That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter be - lieve.  
Thou sad - ly should'st complain, Joy - ful I'd die!

American Version

## The Girl I Left Behind Me

SAMUEL LOVER

*mf*

1. I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val - ley, Such  
2. Oh ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a - bove me, And  
3. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a - ran - ger, The

*mf*

heav-y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal - ly. I  
gent-ly lent their sil - v'ry light, When first she vowed she loved me. But  
dash-ing waves shall cease to soar, Ere she's to me a - stran-ger. The

*f*

seek no more the fine and gay, For each but does re - mind me, How  
now I'm bound for Bright-on camp, Kind Heav'n, may fa - vor find me, And  
vows we've reg - is - tered a - bove, Shall ev - er cheer and bind me, In

*dim*

swift the hours did pass a - way, With the girl I left be - hind me.  
send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I left - be - hind me.  
con - stan - cy to her I love, The - girl I left be - hind me.

# When the Swallows Homeward Fly

FRANZ ABT

Andantino *mf*

When the swal - lows home-ward fly, When the ro - ses scat-ter'd  
When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange

lie, When from neith - er hill nor dale, Chants the silv'ry night - in -  
groves, When the red tints of the west, Prove the sun is gone to

gale, In these words my bleed-ing heart, Would to thee its grief im-  
rest, In these words my bleed-ing heart, Would to thee its grief im-

part. When I thus thy im - age lose,  
part. When I thus thy im - age lose,

Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose,  
Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose,

*f* Can — I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose. *dim.*

## Robin Adair

C. KEPPEL

Moderato

*p* What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near;  
What made th' as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair;

What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear?  
What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there.

*mf* Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a heav'n on earth?  
What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore? *dim.*

*mf* Oh! they're all fled, with thee, Rob - in A - dair.  
Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair. *dim.*

## Come Back to Erin

CLARIBEL

Moderato

*mf*

1. Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,  
 2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,

Come back, A-roon to the land of thy birth, — Come with the sham-rocks and  
 Long shone the white sail that bore thee a-way, Rid - ing the white waves, that

spring-time, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kill-ar - ney shall ring with our mirth.  
 fair sum-mer morn-in' Just like a May flow'r a - float on the bay.

Sure, when we sent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land,  
 O, but my heart sank, when clouds came be - tween us,

Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we thought of the  
 Like a grey cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the



hush of the star-ling, O - ver the moun-tain, the bluffs and the bays! Then  
path o'er the o - cean, Far, far, a-way where my col - leen had flown. Then

*mf*  
come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen,

Come back a gain to the land of thy birth,

*mf*  
Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen,

*f*  
And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

# Bid Me Good-bye

Slow Waltz Time

F. PAOLO TOSTI

*mf* *cresc*

If in your heart a cor - ner lies, That has no place for  
Man's love is like the rest - less waves, Ev - er at rise and

*dim.* *2nd Verse rit.* *cresc*

me, — — — You do not love me as I deem, That  
fall, — — — The on - ly love a wo - man craves, It

*dim.* *mf*

love should ev - er be. — — — Is there a sin - gle joy or  
must be all in all. — — — Ask me no more if I re -

*dim.* *cresc*

pain, That I may nev - er know? — — — Take back your love, it  
gret, You need not care to know; — — — A wo - man's heart does

*cresc* *f* *rit.*

is in vain, Bid me good - bye, and go. — — —  
not for get, Bid me good - bye, and go. — — —

## CHORUS

*mf* *cresc.* *cresc.*

You do not love me, no, — Bid me good - bye, and

*f*

go; — Good - bye, good - bye, — 'tis bet - ter so,

*dim.* *mf*

Bid me good - bye, — and go. — You do not love me,

*cresc.* *f*

no, — Bid me good - bye and go. — Good - bye good -

*dim.* *rit.*

bye, 'tis bet - ter so, Bid me good - bye — and go. —

## Listen To The Mocking Bird

ALICE HAWTHORNE

Moderato

*mf*

1. I'm dream-ing now of — Hal - ly, — sweet Hal - ly, — sweet  
2. Ah! well I yet re - mem-ber, — re - mem-ber, — re -

*cresc.*

Hal - ly, — I'm dream-ing now of — Hal - ly, — For the  
mem-ber, — Ah! well I yet re - mem-ber, — When we

thought of her is one that nev-er dies; She's sleep-ing in the —  
gath - er'd in the cot-ton, side by side; 'Twas in the mild Sep -

val-ley, — the — val-ley, — the — val-ley, — She's sleep-ing in the —  
tem-ber, — Sep - tem-ber, — Sep - tem-ber, — 'Twas in the mild Sep -

val-ley, — And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies. Lis-ten to the  
tem-ber, — And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies. Lis-ten to the



mock-ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her

grave: Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird Lis - ten to the

mock - ing bird, Still sing - ing where the weep - ing wil - lows wave.

## When The Corn Is Waving

C. BLAMPHIN

Moderato *mf*

1. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Oh meet me by the stile, To  
2. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be-

hear thy gen-tle voice a - gain, And greet thy win - ning smile; The  
side the gen-tle flow - ing stream, That both our hearts know well; Where

*mf*

moon will be at full, love, The stars will bright - ly  
wild flow'rs in their beau - ty, Will scent the ev' - ning

*cresc.* *dim.*

gleam, Oh, come, my Queen of night, love, And —  
breeze, Oh, haste, the stars are peep - ing, And the

*mf*

grace the beau - teous scene. When the corn is wav - ing,  
moon's be - hind the trees. When the corn is wav - ing,

An - nie dear, Oh, meet me by the stile, To

*dim.*

hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, And greet thy win - ning smile.

# In The Gloaming

67

Andante

A. F. HARRISON

*p*

1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling, when the lights are dim and low,  
2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling, think not bit - ter-ly of me,

And the qui-et shad-ows fall-ing, soft-ly, come and soft-ly go;  
Though I pass'd a-way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free;

*mf poco animato* *cresc*

When the winds are sob-bing faintly, with a gen-tle un-known woe,  
For my heart was crushed with long-ing, what had been could nev-er be;

Will you think of me and love me, as you did once long a-go?  
It was best to leave you thus, dear, best for you and

best for me. It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.



## My Old Dutch

CHAS. INGLE

Andante *mf*

1. I've got a pal, A  
 2. I calls her Sal, 'Er  
 3. Sweet, fine old gal, For  
 4. I sees yer Sal, Yer

reg'-lar out an' out-er, She's a  
 pro-per name is Sair-er, An' yer  
 worlds I would-n't lose 'er, She's a  
 pret-ty rib-bons sport-in', Ma-ny

dear, good old gal, I'll —  
 may find a gal, As —  
 dear, good old gal, An —  
 years, now, old gal, Since —

tell yer all a-bout 'er, It's  
 you'd con-sid-er fair-er, She  
 that's wot made me choos 'er, She's  
 them young days of court-in', I

man-y years since fust we met, 'Er  
 ain't an an-gel, she can start A —  
 stuck to me thro' thick and thin, When  
 ain't a cow-ard, still I trust, When

'air was then as black as jet, it's  
 jaw-in' till it makes you smart, She's  
 luck was out, when luck was in, Ah!  
 we're to part, as part we must. That

whit-er now, but she don't fret, Not  
 just a wo-man, bless 'er 'eart, Is  
 wot a wife to me she's been, An  
 death may come and take me fust, To

my old gal! —  
 my old gal! — We've  
 wot a pal! —  
 wait my pal! —

*rit**mf* CHORUS

been to-geth-er now for for-ty years, An' it don't seem a day too much, — There



ain't a la-dy liv-in' in the land, As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch, — There

ain't a la-dy liv-ing in the land, As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch.

*dim* *cresc*

## The Future Mrs. Awkins

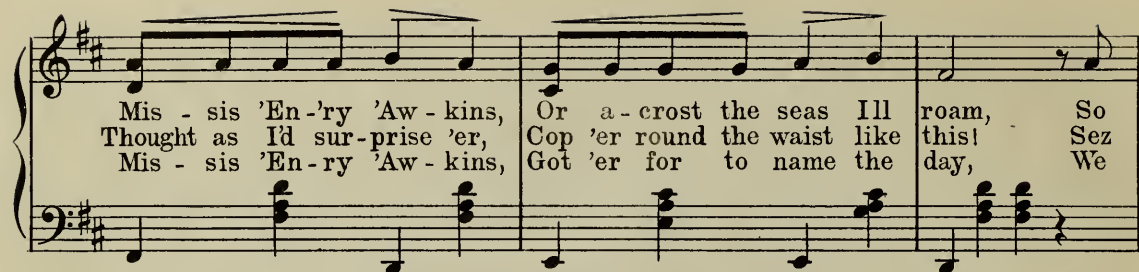
A. CHEVALIER

Moderato

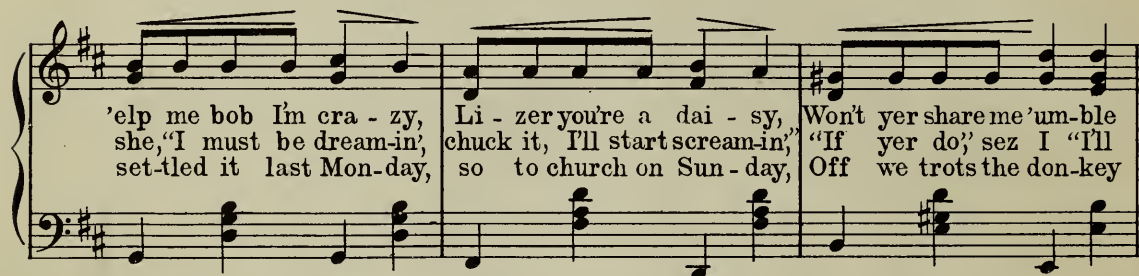
1. I knows a lit-tle do-ner, I'm a-bout to own 'er, She's a-goin' to mar-ry  
 2. I shan't for-git our meet-in', "G'-arn" was her greet-in', "Just yer mind what you're a-  
 3. She wears an art-ful bon-net, feath-ers stuck up-on it, Cov-er-in' a fringe all

me. At fust she said she would-n't, then she said she could-n't,  
 bout!" 'Er pret-ty 'ead she throws up, then she turns her nose up,  
 curled. She's just a-bout the sweet-est, pret- ti - est and neat-est,

Then she whisp-er'd, "Well I'll see!" Sez I, "Be Mis-sis 'Aw-kins  
 Say-in "Let me go, I'll shout!" "I like your style" sez Li-zer  
 Do-ner in the wide, wide world! And she'll be Mis-sis 'Aw-kins



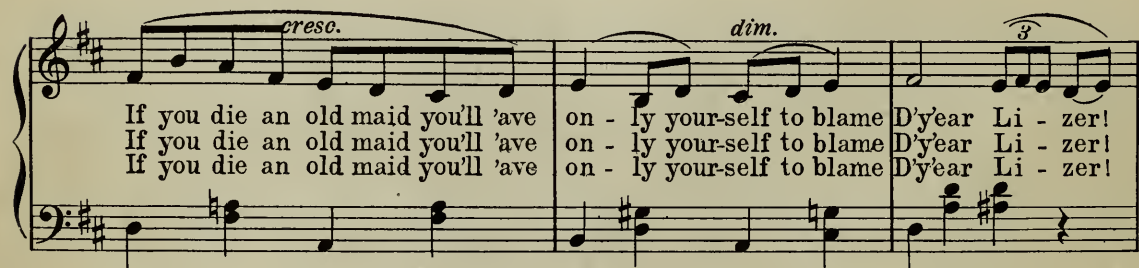
Mis - sis 'En - ry 'Aw - kins, Or a - crost the seas Ill roam, So  
Thought as I'd sur - prise 'er, Cop 'er round the waist like this! Sez  
Mis - sis 'En - ry 'Aw - kins, Got 'er for to name the day, We



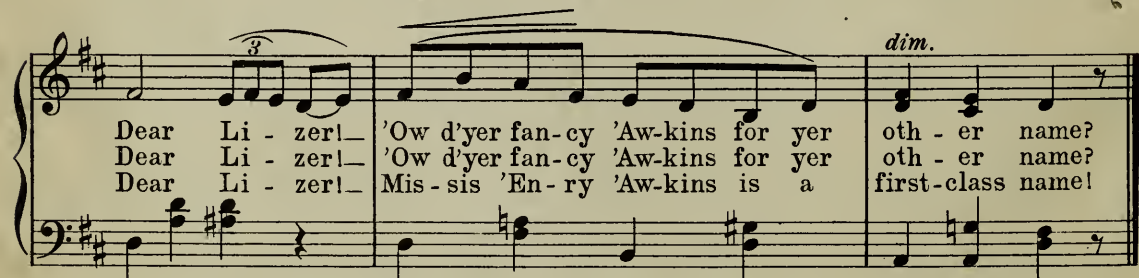
'elp me bob I'm cra - zy, Li - zer you're a dai - sy, Won't yer share me 'um - ble  
she, "I must be dream - in", chuck it, I'll start scream - in", "If yer do", sez I "I'll  
set - tled it last Mon - day, so to church on Sun - day, Off we trots the don - key



*rit. et dim.* CHORUS *mf*  
'ome? "Won't yer?" Oh! Li - zer! Sweet Li - zer!  
kiss! "Now then" Oh! Li - zer! Sweet Li - zer!  
shay. "Now then" Oh! Li - zer! Sweet Li - zer!



*cresc.* *dim.*  
If you die an old maid you'll 'ave on - ly your - self to blame D'year Li - zer!  
If you die an old maid you'll 'ave on - ly your - self to blame D'year Li - zer!  
If you die an old maid you'll 'ave on - ly your - self to blame D'year Li - zer!



*dim.*  
Dear Li - zer! 'Ow d'yer fan - cy 'Aw - kins for yer oth - er name?  
Dear Li - zer! 'Ow d'yer fan - cy 'Aw - kins for yer oth - er name?  
Dear Li - zer! Mis - sis 'En - ry 'Aw - kins is a first - class name!

# Love's Old Sweet Song

J. L. MOLLOY

Andante

*mf*

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists began to fall,  
 2. E-ven to-day we hear loves song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er more,

*cresc.**dim.*

Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song,  
 Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day,

*p**cresc.**dim.*

And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.  
 So 'til the end when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all

*a tempo**p**cresc.*

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low; And the flick-ring

*dim.**f*

shad-ows, Soft-ly come and go. Tho' the heart be wear-y



sad the day and long, Still to us at twi - light comes love's old

song, Comes love's old sweet - song. *rit.*

## The Blue Alsatian Mountains

STEPHEN ADAMS

Waltz tempo

*mf*

1. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains, Dwelt a  
 2. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains, Came a  
 3. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains, Ma - ny

maid - en young - and fair, Like the care - less flow - ing foun -  
 stran - ger in the spring, And he lin - ger'd by the foun -  
 spring - times bloom'd and pass'd, And the mai - den in the foun -

tains, Were the rip - ples of her hair, Were the rip - ples of her  
 tains, Just to hear the maid - en sing, Just to hear the maid - en  
 tains, Saw she lost her hopes at last, — She lost her hopes at



hair; sing; last; An - gel Just to And she mild her whis - per with - ered eyes so in the like the win - ning, An - gel moon - light, Words the sweet - est wait - ing

hap - py smile, When be - neath the foun - tains spin - ning, You could she had known, Just to charm a - way the hours — Till her for the rain, She will nev - er see the stran - ger, Where the

hear her song the while — A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, heart was all his own — A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, foun - tains fall a - gain — A - dé, A - dé, A - dé,

— Such songs will pass a - way Tho' the blue Al - sa - tian  
— Such dreams may pass a - way But the blue Al - sa - tian  
— The years have passed a - way But the blue Al - sa - tian

moun - tains seem to watch and wait al - way.  
moun - tains seem to watch and wait al - way.  
moun - tains seem to watch and wait al - way.

## Kathleen Mavourneen

F. N. CROUCH

Andante

*mf**cresc.*

1. Kath - leen Ma-vour - neen! the grey dawn is break-ing, — The  
 2. Kath - leen Ma-vour - neen! a - wake from thy slum- bers; — The

horn of the hunt- er is heard on the hill; The  
 blue mountains glow in the sun's gold-en light; Ah!

lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing,  
 where is the spell that once hung on my num - bers? A-

Kath - leen — Ma - your-neen! — What slum - - b'ring still. Oh,  
 rise in — thy beau- ty, — thou, star of my night. Ma-

Animato

*mf*

hast thou for- got- ten, how soon we must sev- er? Oh,  
 your - neen, Ma- your-neen, my sad tears are fall-ing, To

*rit.*

hast thou for-got-ten, this day we must part? It  
think that from E-rin and thee I must part; It

*Tempo primo*

*cresc.*

may be for years, and it may be for ev-er; Oh, —  
may be for years, and it may be for ev-er; Then

*dim.*

why — art thou si-lent, thou, voice of my heart? It  
why — art thou si-lent, thou, voice of my heart? It

*cresc.*

may — be for years, and it may be for ev-er; Then

why — art thou si-lent, Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen?

## Take Back The Heart

CLARIBEL

Waltz time

*mf*

1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is my an - guish to  
 2. Then when at last o - ver - tak - en, Time flings its fet - ters o'er

thee? ——— Take back the free - dom thou crav - est,  
 thee, ——— Comewith a trust still un - shak - en, *cresc*

Leav - ing the fet - ters to me; ——— Take back the vows thou hast  
 Come back a cap - tive to me; ——— Come back in sad - ness or *dim* *mf*

spo - ken, ——— Fling them a - side and be free, ———  
 sor - row, ——— Once more my dar - ling to be, ——— *cresc* *dim*

Smile o'er each pi - ti - ful to - ken, ——— Leav - ing the sor - row for  
 Come as of old, love, to bor - row, ——— Glimp - ses of sun - light from *cresc* *dim*



me, me, Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion,  
Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion,

*cresc*

Gaze on the storm-cloud and flee, — Swift-ly through strife and con -  
Striv-ing no more to be free, — When on her world-wea-ry

*dim* *cresc*

fu - sion Leav - ing the bur - den to me.  
pin - ion Flies back my lost love to me.

*dim*

## Ever of Thee

F. HALL

Moderato

1. Ev - er of thee, I'm fond-ly dream-ing, Thy gen-tle voice my  
2. Ev - er of thee, when sad and lone-ly, Wand'ring a - far my

*p* *cresc*

spir - it can cheer, Thou art the star that mild-ly beam-ing,  
soul joy'd to dwell; Ah! then I felt I loved thee on - ly,

*dim*

*cresc**dim*

Shone o'er my path when  
All seem'd to fade be-

all was dark and drear;  
fore af-fec-tion's spell;

Still in my heart thy  
Tears have not chill'd the

*cresc**dim*

form I—cher-ish,  
love I—cher-ish,

Ev-'ry kind tho't like a  
True as the stars hath my

bird flies to thee,  
heart been to thee, Ah! —

*mf*  
Nev-er till life and

mem-'ry—per-ish,

Can I for-get how

dear thou art to me.

Morn, noon and night, where-e'er I may be, —

*cresc*

Fond-ly I'm dream-ing—ev-er of thee.

Fondly I'm dream-ing—ev-er of thee.

# Long, Long Ago

79

T. H. BAYLY

Moderato

*p* *cresc* *dim*

1. Tell me the tales that to  
2. Do you re-mem-ber the  
3. Tho' by your kind-ness my

me were so dear,  
path where we met,  
fond hopes were raised,

Long, long a - go,  
Long, long a - go,  
Long, long, a - go,

*cresc*

Long, long a - go;  
Long, long a - go?  
Long, long a - go;

Sing me the songs I de -  
Ah, yes, you told me you  
You, by more el - o - quent

light-ed to hear,  
ne'er would for - get,  
lips have been prais'd,

*mf*

Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Now you are come, all my  
Then, to all oth - ers my  
But, by long ab - sence your

grief is re - moved,  
smile you pre - fer'd,  
faith has been tried,

*dim* *p*

Let me for - get that so  
Love, when you spoke gave a  
Still to your ac - cents I

long you have roved.  
charm to each word,  
lis - ten with pride,

Let me be - lieve that you  
Still my heart treas - ures the  
Blest as I was when I

love as you loved,  
prais - es I heard,  
sat by your side,

Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
Long, long a - go, long a - go.

# Lovely Night

(Tales of Hoffman)

J OFFENBACH

Moderato

*pp*

*p*

Love - ly night-whose star - ry smile our

ten - der rap - ture bless - es, Night of love, our love the while with

thy ca - ress be - guile! Short is life, the hours they fly, and

*cresc.*

joy with them is fly - ing, Fleet - ing rap - tures drift - ing by, a -

*dim.*

*cresc.*

las, too soon you die — Up - on the gen - tle breeze,



*cresc*

— in sweet fra-gran-cy sigh - ing! Then while love's mo-ments fleet,

— Let our ar-dent lips meet, Let our ar - dent lips meet, Let our

*dim* *pp*

ar - dent lips meet! Ah! Love-ly night whose

star-ry smile our ten-der rap-ture bless - es, Night of love, our

*cresc*

love the while, With thy ca-ress be- guile. O night whose star-ry

smile Our love's sweet rap - ture bless

*cresc*

This system shows the first three measures of the piece. The piano accompaniment in the right hand features a melodic line with a crescendo marking. The left hand provides a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal line enters in the second measure with the lyrics 'Our love's sweet rap - ture'.

- es With - ca ress - es - the hours be - guile! Ah!

*dim* *p*

The second system contains measures 4 through 7. The piano part continues with eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal line continues with 'es With - ca' and 'ress - es - the hours be - guile!'. A dynamic shift to piano (*p*) occurs at the end of the system.

Ah! Ah!

*sempre p*

The third system covers measures 8 through 11. The piano accompaniment remains consistent. The vocal line features two 'Ah!' exclamations. The dynamic marking *sempre p* (always piano) is indicated above the staff.

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

*pp*

The fourth system spans measures 12 through 15. The piano part continues with eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal line has four 'Ah!' exclamations. A piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the system.

Ah!

This system contains measures 16 through 19. The piano part features a more complex accompaniment with triplets and sixteenth notes. The vocal line begins with an 'Ah!' and then has rests for the remaining measures.

# Woman is Fickle (Rigoletto)

83

Allegretto

G. VERDI

*mf*

*cresc.*

1. Wo-man is fick-le, false al-to-geth-er; Moves like a feath-er,  
2. Wretch-ed the day is, when she looks kind-ly; Trusts to her blind-ly,

*dim.*

*mf*

Borne on the breez-es. Wo-man with witch-ing smile, will e'er de-ceive you;  
He life thus wast-ing. Yet he must sure-ly be, dull be-yond meas-ure;

*cresc.*

*dim.*

*cresc.*

Oft-en will grieve you, Yet as she pleas-es; Her heart's un-feel-ing,  
Who of love's hap-pi-ness, Ne'er has been tast-ing; Wo-man's un-feel-ing,

*cresc.*

*mf*

False al-to-geth-er; Moves like a feath-er borne on the breeze,  
False al-to-geth-er; Moves like a feath-er borne on the breeze,

Borne on the breeze.  
Borne on the breeze.

Yes, borne on the breeze.  
Yes, borne on the breeze.

## The Last Rose of Summer

(Martha)

F. FLOTOW

Andante

'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a -  
leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the

lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions, Are  
stem; Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go

fad - ed and gone. No flow - ers of her  
sleep thou with them. Thus kind - ly I

kind - dred, No rose - bud is nigh To re-  
scat - ter, Thy leaves o'er the bed Wherethy



flect back — her — blush - es, Or — give — sigh for  
 mates of — the — gar - den, Lie — scent — less and

1 *mf* 2 *mf*

sigh. I'll not dead. Where thy mates of — the —

gar - den Lie — scent - - less and dead. *f*

### Tit Willow

(The Mikado)

Andante

A. SULLIVAN

*mf*

1. On a  
 2. He —  
 3. Now I

tree by a riv - er a lit - tle tom-tit, Sang — "Willow, tit - wil-low, tit -  
 slapp'd at his chest as he sat on thatbough, Singing "Willow, tit - wil-low, tit -  
 feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name, Is - n't "Willow, tit - willow, tit -

wil-low!"  
wil-low!"  
wil-low!"

And I  
And a  
That'twas

said to him "Dick-y bird  
cold per-spi-ra-tion be-  
blighted af-fec-tion that

why do you sit, Sing-ing  
spangled his brow, Oh —  
made him exclaim, Oh —

"Willow, tit-wil-low, tit  
"Willow, tit-wil-low, tit  
"Willow, tit-wil-low, tit

wil-low?"  
wil-low!"  
wil-low!"

"Is it  
He —  
And if

weakness of in-tel-lect  
sobbd and he sighd and a  
you re-main cal-lous and

Bir-die? I cried, Or a  
gur-gle, he gave, Then he  
ob-du-rate I, Shall —

rath-er tough worm in your  
threw him-self in-to the  
per-ish as he did, and

lit-tle in-side! With a  
bil-low-y wave, And an  
you will know why, Tho' I

shake of his poor lit-tle  
ech-o a-rose from the  
prob-a-bly shall not ex-

head he re-plied,  
su-i-cide's grave,  
claim as I die,

"Oh  
"Oh  
"Oh

Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!"  
Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!"  
Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!"

# Ah! So Pure

(Martha)

87

F. FLOTOW

Andante

*p*

Like a beam from above, Heav'n - ly

The first system of the musical score for 'Ah! So Pure'. It features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, starting with a half note 'Like', followed by quarter notes 'a', 'beam', and 'from', and ending with a half note 'above,'. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes. The lyrics 'Heav'n - ly' are written below the final measure.

*dim*

ra - di - ant she ap - peared; Bliss - ful dream,

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues with 'ra - di - ant' (half note), 'she' (quarter note), 'ap - peared;' (half note), and 'Bliss - ful dream,' (half note). The bass staff continues with eighth notes.

*cresc**dim*

star - of love, To my heart re - mains en - deared.

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues with 'star - of love,' (half note), 'To my heart' (half note), and 're - mains en - deared.' (half note). The bass staff continues with eighth notes.

*mf*

— Pierced this heart, by her dart, On - ly finds bliss by her side, In her

The fourth system of the musical score. The melody begins with a rest, followed by 'Pierced this heart, by her dart, On - ly finds bliss by her side, In her' (half note). The bass staff continues with eighth notes.

*cresc*

arms, by her charms, I'd have hap - py lived and died; But her ray died a -

The fifth system of the musical score. The melody continues with 'arms, by her charms, I'd have hap - py lived and died; But her ray died a -' (half note). The bass staff continues with eighth notes.

*dim* *cresc*

way, Fled as fades the cloud in air, Left me lone here to

*dim*

moan and has doomed me to de- spair, To dark de-

*rit* *mf a tempo*

spair — Like — a beam from — a —

bove Heav'n - ly ra - di - ant, she - ap - peared.

*cresc* *dim*

Bliss - ful — dream, star — of — love — To my



heart re-mains en - deared Marth - a, Marth - a,

Thou'st de - part - ed, And hast sunk this heart in

love. Thou — did'st leave me bro - ken heart - ed,

*cresc.* Soon to my lone grave I'll go. *molto.*

*ff* Ah! to my grave I'll go! Ah! I'll go!

# Lullaby

(Erminie)

E. JAKOBOWSKI

Moderato

1. Dear moth-er in dreams I see her, — With  
2. Ah! e'en when her life was eb - bing, — Her

lovd\_ face sweet and calm, — And hear her voice with love re-joice, When  
words were all\_ of me, — My fu - ture years were all her fears, Her

nest-ling on\_ her arm, — I think how she soft - ly press'd me, Of the  
fate was not\_ to see, — My fa - ther I heard you weep-ing, As in

tears in each glist'ning eye, — As her watch she'd keep, When she rock'd to sleep, Her  
sor-row you stand-ing by, — And my moth-er's plaint, In her ac - cents faint, This

child to this lul - la - by — Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, — bye, — bye, bye, Bye,  
ten-der sweet lul - la - by —

*p* *cresc.* *dim.* *cresc.* *dim.* *rit mf*

*rit.* *Slowly*

bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.— Bye, bye— drow-si-ness o'er-tak-ing,

Pret-ty lit-tle eye - lids sleep. Bye, bye,— Watch-ing till thou'rt wak-ing,

Dar-ling be thy slum-bers deep!— Bye, bye,— Drow-si-ness o'er - tak - ing,

Pret-ty lit-tle eye - lids sleep. Bye, bye,— Watch-ing till thou'rt wak-ing,

*rall. et dim.* *p*

Dar-ling be thy slum-bers deep!— Bye - bye, Bye - bye.—

# Evening Prayer

(Hansel and Gretel)

E. HUMPERDINCK

Andante

*p* *cresc* *dim*

When I lay me down to sleep, An - gels guard o'er me doth keep;

Two on watch are stay - ing, Two are soft - ly pray - ing, Two to guard my

*cresc* *poco* *a poco*

right hand, Two to guard my left stand, Two to slumber take me,

*cresc*

Two from slum - ber wake me; Two who watch - ful tar - ry, My

*cresc* *rit* *dim*

soul to God to car - ry!



# Vilia Song

(Merry Widow)

F. LEHAR

Andante espressivo

*p*

Vil - ia, dear Vil - ia, my whole heart is thine, Let my fond

love make thee mine, on - ly mine; O'er me there steals from thine

*p*

eyes a sweet spell, Love me, and all will be well.

*mf*

Vil - ia, dear Vil - ia, my whole heart is thine,

*f*

Let my fond love make thee mine, on - ly mine;

*Slower*  
*p*

O'er me there steals from thine eyes a sweet spell,

*rit.*

Love me and all will be well, All will be

*mf* *morendo*

well, will be well.

## I Dreamt That I Dwelt In Marble Halls

M.W. BALFE

*Andante*  
*p*

1. I dreamt that I dwelt — in mar - ble halls, With  
2. I dreamt — that suit - ors sought — my hand, That

vas - sals and serfs at my side, And of all who as -  
knights up - on bend - ed knees, And with vows — no

seem'd with - In — those walls, That I was the hope and the pride.  
maid - en heart could withstand, They pledged their faith — to me.

*mf* I had rich - es too great — to count, could boast of a high — an -  
And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host, — Came forth my

*dim.* ces - tral name. — But I al - so dreamt which pleased me  
hand to claim. — But I al - so dreamt which charmed me

*cresc.* most, That you lov'd — me still — the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd — me

*dim.* still — the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd — me still — the same.  
*rit. e dim.*

# Waltz Song

(The Merry Widow)

F. LEHAR

Valse moderato

*p* *cresc* *dim*

Hear sweet mu - sic soft - ly say - ing "I love

*cresc*

you," May from your heart come those words "I

*dim* *cresc* *dim*

love you too!" Ten - der - ly hands press -

*cresc*

ing, Fond - est vows re - new Say - ing once a -

gain, my love, "Ah! I love you!" And as the maz - y



*Slower**mf*

dance, our souls fain would en-trance, Our hearts no more re-pine, But seem to

mur - mur "Oh, be mine!" And as glid-ing si-lent-ly,—

— No words are said 'twixt you and me, The heart speaks those sweet

words "I love but thee a-lone!" Hear sweet mu-sic

soft-ly say-ing "I love you!"

May from your heart come those words "I love. you

tool" Ten - der - ly hands press - ing,

Fond - est vows re - new, Say - ing once a -

gain, my love, "Ah! I love you"

## Then You'll Remember Me

(Bohemian Girl)

M.W. BALFE

Andante Cantabile

*mp* When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts, Their  
When cold - ness or de - ceit - shall - slight, The

tales of love shall tell, In lan- guage whose ex -  
beau - ty now they prize, And deem it but a

cess im - parts, The pow'r they feel so well; There  
fa - ded light, Which beams with-in your eyes; When

may per - haps in such a scene, Some rec - o - lec - tion  
hol - low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to -

be, see, Of days that have as hap - py - been, And  
In such a mo - ment I but ask, That

you'll re - mem - ber me, And you'll re - mem - ber, You'll re - mem - ber me.  
you'll re - mem - ber me, That you'll re - mem - ber, You'll re - mem - ber me.

# Lovely Flowers I Pray

(Faust)

C. GOUNOD

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Love - ly flow - ers I pray my  
2. Speak, oh flow - ers, for me I

*cresc.*

love be - tray, trust in thee, Tell her she's my sole treas - ure, Teach her, ah, to dis - cov - er,

My de - light be - yond E'en how fond - ly I meas - ure, love her, Say, ah, say o'er and How in sor - row I

o'er her I a - dore. Love - ly flow - ers I pine to call her mine. Speak, ah, flow - ers, for

pray my love be - tray, me I trust in thee, Let her know how I May to her love's sweet

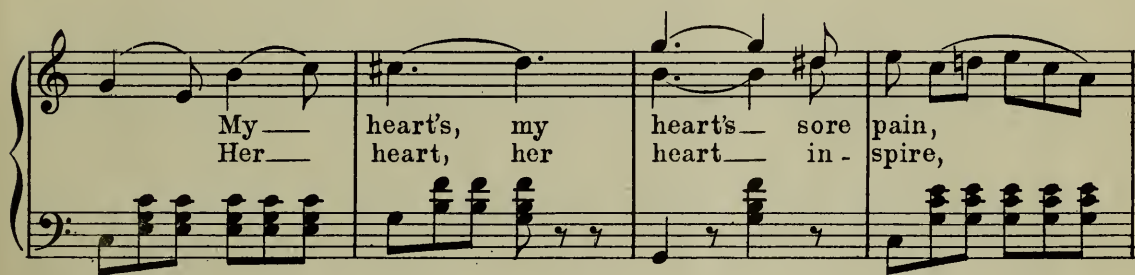




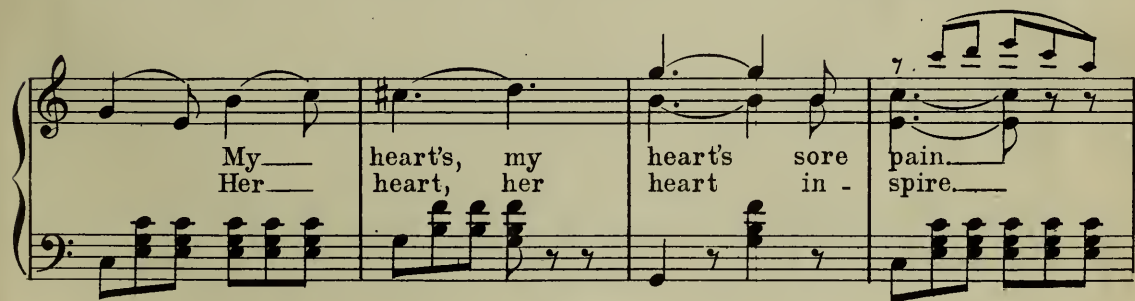
lan - guish,      Make her feel all my      an - guish, —  
pow - ers,      Be re - vealed in these      flow - ers, —



Tell her ah, once a - gain — my heart's — sore pain,  
And my own bo - som's fire — her heart — in - spire,



My — heart's, my      heart's — sore pain,  
Her — heart, her      heart — in - spire,



My — heart's, my      heart's      sore      pain —  
Her — heart, her      heart      in -      spire. —



# I'm Called Little Buttercup

(H.M.S. Pinafore)

Tempo di Valse

A. SULLIVAN

I'm call'd lit-tle But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle Buttercup Tho'I could never tell

why; But still I'm call'd But-ter-cup, Poor lit-tle But-ter-cup,

sweet lit-tle Buttercup I I've snuff and to-bac-cy, And ex-cel-lent

jack-y; I've scis-sors and watch-es and knives. I've rib-bons and la-c-es to

set off the fa-c-es, Of pret-ty young sweethearts and wives, I've treacle and

tof-fee, I've tea and I've cof-fee, Soft tommy and suc-cu-lent chops, I've

chickens and conies, and pret-ty po-lo-nies, And ex-cel-lent peppermint

drops. Then buy of your But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle But-ter-cup,

sail-orss should nev-er be shy, So buy of your But-ter-cup,

poor lit-tle But-ter-cup, Come, of your But-ter-cup buy.

## Evening Star

(Tannhäuser)

R. WAGNER

*p*

*p*

Thou, star re - splen - dent, pure — and bright,

'Mid hu - man life's — dull shade — and gloom,

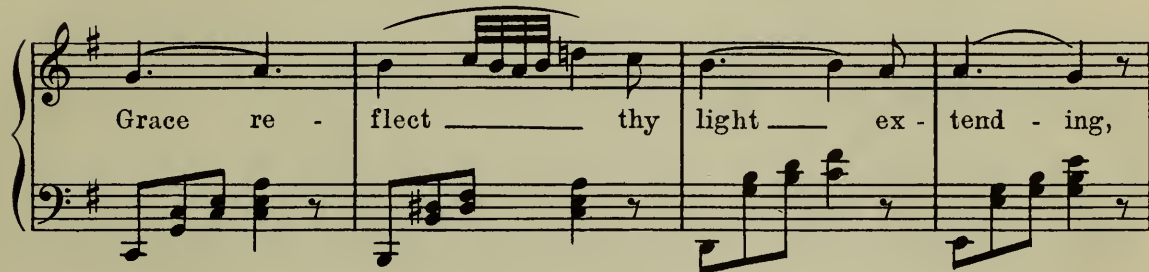
Pour now o'er us thy stream — of light,

Shine clear from heav - en, As - suage — our doom.





Ere long a soul to thee a - scend - ing,




Grace re - flect thy light ex - tend - ing,



Ere long a soul to thee a - scend - ing, Will



grace re - flect thy light ex -



tend - ing.

*8va*

# Scenes That Are Brightest

(Maritana)

W. V. WALLACE

Moderato espressivo

*mf*

1. Scenes that are bright - est May  
2. Words can - not scat - ter The

charm \_\_\_\_\_ a \_\_\_\_\_ while \_\_\_\_\_  
thought \_\_\_\_\_ we \_\_\_\_\_ fear \_\_\_\_\_  
Hearts that are  
For though they

light - est, And \_\_\_\_\_ eyes \_\_\_\_\_ that \_\_\_\_\_ smile; Yet  
flat - ter They \_\_\_\_\_ mock the \_\_\_\_\_ ear;

o'er them a - bove us,  
Hopes still de - ceive us,  
Though na - ture  
With tear - ful

*dim.* *mf*

beam, \_\_\_\_\_ With none \_\_\_\_\_ to  
cost \_\_\_\_\_ And when \_\_\_\_\_ these love us, How  
leave us, The

sad heart they is seem, lost With And none when to these

3

love leave us, us, How The sad heart they is seem! lost.

*cresc.* *f* *f* *3* *dim.* *mf*

## In Happy Moments

Moderato

(Maritana)

W. V. WALLACE

1. In hap - py moments day by day, The sands of life may pass, In  
2. Tho' an - xious eyes up - on us gaze And hearts with fond-ness beat, Whose

*mf*

swift but tranquil tide a - way, From time's un - err - ing glass. Yet  
smile up - on each fea - ture plays With truth - ful - ness re - plete. Some

*cresc.* *dim.*

hopes we used as bright to deem, Re - mem - brance will re -  
thoughts none oth - er can re - place Re - mem - brance will re -

*cresc.* *cresc.*

*mf*

call; call; Whose pure and whose un-fad-ing beam, Is dear-er than them all.  
 call; Which in the flight of years we trace, Is dear-er than them all.

*cresc.* *dim.*

## Call Me Thine Own

(L' Eclair)

J. HALEVY

Andante

*p*

1. Call me "thine own," name fond en-dear-ing, Like mu-sic  
 2. Years may roll on, youth's dreams may leave us, Hope faint and

*dim.* *p*

sweet it falls on mine ear; Tells me of hope,  
 die that light-ed our way; Tri-als may come,

*cresc.* *dim.*

life's path-way cheer-ing, Whis-pers of home, with thee ev-er near.  
 sor-rows may grieve us, Friends may de-part, or false-ly be-tray.



*mf*

Call me "thine own," doubt would de - stroy, For on - ly through  
 Call me "thine own," all else may fail, With love in our

*dim* *p*

faith hearts, are we se - cure; Mak - ing our hearts strong to en -  
 Heav'n still re - mains; Each bond with time fresh vi - gor

*cresc* *dim*

dure gains, What lies be - fore us, - sor - row or joy.  
 And o'er life's tem - pests love - shall pre - vail;

*p* *cresc* *cresc*

Call me "thine own" thine, thine a - lone, Name fond, en -

*f* *dim*

dear - ing, Call me "thine own!"

## Ah! I Have Sighed To Rest Me

(Il Trovatore)

G. VERDI

Andante

*mf*

Ah! I have sigh'd to rest me, Deep in the quiet

gravel Do not forget me, let me remember'd be; Fare-well, my

love, Fare-thee well, Leo-no-ra, Do not forget me for my love's long en-dur-ing

Great-er love than mine, thou wilt not find it ex-ist-ing Ah! in heav'n a-bove I'll wait my love for

thee, in heav'n a-bove I'll wait thee, For I love thee on-ly and to thee I'll e'er true be,

*f* *cresc.*

Death shall yield to love and open'd wide shall these gates be, Ah! I'll wait for thee, in heav'n there a-  
bove I'll wait for thee, I'll wait for thee, I'll wait for thee!

## Am I Not Fondly Thine Own?

(Du, Du, Liegst Mir Im Herzen)

German Song

*Andante*

*mf*

Thou, thou, reign'st in this bo-som, There, there, hast thou thy throne;  
Du, du, liegst mir im Her-zen, Du, du, liegst mir im sinn,

Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee, Am I not fondly thine own?  
Du, du, machst mir viel schmerzen Weisst nicht, wie gut ich dir bin?

Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fondly thine own?  
Ja, ja, ja, ja, Weisst nicht, wie gut ich dir bin?

# Lullaby

(Jocelyn)

B. GODARD

Andante

Oh, may thy dream not soon be o'er, For angels hover near thy

slumber, And while night's golden rays out-pour, My

*cresc.* *rall. et dim.* *a tempo*

child! the brightest visions, number.

*dim.*

Sleep! Sleep! The dawn is far away!

*cresc.* *dim.*

Ho - ly Vir - gin, guard her, I pray!



# There Is A Green Hill Far Away

113

Andante moderato

C. GOUNOD

*mf*

There is a green hill far a-way With- out a cit-y wall;

*cresc**dim*

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.

*mf**dim*

We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains he had to bear;

*cresc**dim*

But we be-lieve it was for us, He hung and suf-fer'd there. He

*cresc**dim*

died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good.

*cresc* *dim p*

That we might go at last to heav'n, — Saved by his precious blood.

*p*

There was no oth - er good enough, To pay the price of

*cresc*

sin; He on - ly could un - lock the gates of

*dim p molto espressivo*

Heav'n and let us in! O dear - ly, dear -

*mf*

— ly has He loved! — And we must love him too and

*crese molto*

trust in His re-deeming blood, And trust in His re-

*dim* *p*

deem-ing blood, And try His works to do, And try His works to

*p*

do. We must love Him too!

*L.H.* *R.H.* *L.H.* *R.H.* *L.H.*

*dim*

We must love Him too And try His works to

*p* *sempre p*

do!

*L.H.* *R.H.* *L.H.*

# Ave Maria

(Cavalleria Rusticana)

P. MASCAGNI

Andante sostenuto

*mf*

Moth - - er see my tears. See my tears are

fall - - ing, Thou hast al - - so

*dim.* sor - row known. *f* Life, Ah! it is so

drea - - ry, my heart it is so wea - - ry,

*cresc. et rit.* Ah! leave me not a - lone! *a tempo* O moth - er,



*dim.* *p* *f*

hear me in the light, Look down on me, my comfort

*dim.* *p* *cresc.*

be And guide my steps — a — right!

*f* *dim.*

Oh moth-er, hear me where thou

*poco a poco rit. et dim.*

art, And guard and guide my ach-ing heart, my ach-ing

*ppp*

heart!

# The Lost Chord

A. SULLIVAN

Andante moderato

*mf*

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered

id - ly, O-ver the nois-y keys; I know not what I was play-ing, Or

what I was dream-ing then; But I struck one chord of music like the sound of a great A-

*cresc. f* men, Like the sound of a *rall. et dim.* great — A - men. *p* It flood - ed the crim-son

twi-light Like the close of an angel's psalm, And it *cresc.* lay on my fever'd *dim.* spir-it, With a

touch of in-fi-nite calm, It qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like

*cresc.* love o-ver-com-ing strife, *dim. p* It seem'd the har-mo-nious ech-o From

*p sempre tranquillo* our dis-cor-dant life, It link'd all per-plex-ed mean-ings, In-to one per-fect

*poco - a - poco animato - e - cresc.* peace, And trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As *f* if it were loth to cease; I have

*agitato* sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That one lost chord di-vine, Which

*f* came from the soul of the or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to mine. *cresc. molto*

*ff* It may be that Death's bright An-gel, Will speak in that chord a-

*sempre ff* gain, It may be that on-ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A-men. It

*ff* may be that Death's bright An-gel, Will speak in that chord a- gain, It

*rit.* *Grandioso* may be that on-ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A-men.



# Over the Stars There is Rest

121

FR. ABT

Andante

*p* *pp*

1. O-ver the stars there is rest!  
2. O-ver the stars there is rest!

*cresc.*

O-ver the stars there is rest!  
O-ver the stars there is rest!

Suf-fer in pa-tience con-  
Bear up, to life's ills re-

*dim.* *cresc.* *dim.*

fid-ing, Life with it's tri-al and chid-ing,  
sign-ing, There, where the sun is still shin-ing,

There peace e-ter-nal a-bid-ing, Makes the de-  
Comes nei-ther grief nor re-pin-ing, There are re-

*cresc.* *dim.* *mf*

light of the blest.  
lieved the op-prest.

Dark, though to-day be with  
On-ward with cour-age re-

*mf*  
 sor - row, Hope gilds more bright - ly the mor - row,  
 viv - ing, Ev - er still pa - tient - ly striv - ing,

*f* *p* *rit.* *p*  
 O - ver the stars there is rest! O - ver the  
 O - ver the stars there is rest! O - ver the

stars there is rest!  
 stars there is rest!

## Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep

J. P. KNIGHT

Moderato

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*  
 1. Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep, — I lay me down — in peace to  
 2. Such — the trust that still were mine, — Tho' stormy winds — swept o'er the

*mf* *cresc.*  
 sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, — For thou, O  
 brine; Or though the temp - est's fie - ry breath, — Rous'd me from

*dim.* *f*

Lord, — hast pow'r to save I know Thou wilt not slight my  
sleep — to wreck and death! In o - cean cave still safe with

*dim.*

call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall! And  
thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty.

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, — Rock'd in the cra-dle of the

*cresc.*

deep, And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, —

1. *dim.* 2. *dim.*

Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. And Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

## Christmas Chimes

Andante

B. RICHARDS

*mf*

What bells are those, so soft and clear, That fall me-lo-dious on mine ear?

Say, mother say, the whole night long E'en in my dreams I heard their song, And

wak - ing in the morn-ingtime, A - gain I heard their joy - ous chime.

*f*

What bells are those? say mother, say! What bells are those? say, mother, say! My

*mf*

child, they glo - rious ti-dings bring, Those bells their Christmas car-ol sing, Oh,



joy - to us, — A child is born — A Son is giv'n, Hail Christmas morn! The

Star - ry Hosts that line the sky, Sing glo-ry to God, to God on High.

*cresc.* Glo-ry to God on Earth be peace, To *dim.* men Sal-va - tion and re-lease.

Glo - ry to God! hark! hark! the strain *cresc.* Mounts up from yon - der

hoa - ry fame, And ris - ing with mel - o - dious voice, *f* Bids high and low to



day re-joice. Bids high and low to-day re-joice, Glo-ry to God!

hark! hark! the strain, Glo-ry to God, on earth be peace.

## Largo

Larghetto

G. F. HÄNDEL



*mf* Lord in Heav'n a-bove, who ru-leth

us, Giv-er of all bless-ings, Look down in pit-y

*p* In lov-ing faith, Thy child-ren pray to thee, *cresc.* Ask-ing thy

*cresc* *p*

mer - cy, Ask - ing thy mer - cy in lov - ing

*cresc* *dim* *cresc*

faith, Ah! King of Kings, Rul - er of Heav'n and of earth!

*f* *dim*

Ask - ing thy mer - cy, In lov - ing faith, O God,

*cresc* *f* *p* *cresc molto*

In lov - ing faith! In lov - ing faith. Ask - ing thy

*dim* *p*

mer - cy In lov - ing faith, O God, In lov - ing faith.

# The Palms

(Lès Rameaux)

J. FAURE

Andante maestoso

O'er all the way green palms and blos - soms gay, —  
 His word gave forth and peo - ples by its might, —  
 Sing and re - joice oh blest Je - ru - sa - lem, —

Are<sup>3</sup> strewn<sup>3</sup> this day<sup>3</sup> in fes<sup>3</sup> - tal pre - pa - ra - tion,  
 Once more re - gain free - dom from deg - ra - da - tion,  
 Of all thy sons sing the e - man - ci - pa - tion,

Where Je - sus comes to wipe our tears a - way, —  
 Hu - man - i - ty to each doth give his right, —  
 Through bound - less love the Christ<sup>3</sup> of Beth - le - hem, —



E'en now the throng to wel-come him pre - pare; 3  
 While those in dark-ness find re - stored the light;  
 Brings faith and hope to thee for- ev - er more; 3

Join all and sing, His

name de-clare, Let ev - 'ry voice re-sound with ac - cla - ma - tion, Ho -

san - na! praise ye the Lord! Bless him who cometh to bring us Sal -

va 3 - tion! —

1-2 3

## Ave Maria

BACH- GOUNOD

Andante

R.H.

*p**mf**cresc.**dim.**cresc.**dim.**mf**cresc.*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, and the vocal part is in the right hand. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line includes lyrics, and the piano part includes dynamic markings and articulation. The lyrics are: 'A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - al - - - Thou hap - py moth - - - er, God is with - - - thee. Bless - - - ed, - - -'.

*p* *mf* *cresc.* *dim.* *cresc.* *dim.* *mf* *cresc.*

A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - al - - - Thou hap - py moth - - - er, God is with - - - thee. Bless - - - ed, - - -

bless - - ed art thou, A -

*dim.*

bove all moth - - ers,

*cresc.* *dim.*

Since in Beth - le-hem, Came to

*cresc.* *dim.*

thee the an - gel of the Lord.

*cresc.* *dim.*

*mf* Hon - or'd and bless - ed, hon - or'd and

*cresc. - - poco - a - poco*

bless - ed Ma - ri - a, Moth - - er\_ of

*cresc.* Je - - sus, *cresc.* In - - fant\_ Re - deem - - er,

*cresc.* Born \_\_\_\_\_ to *ff* save \_\_\_\_\_ us from our *dim.* sins \_\_\_\_\_ and

*dim.* all\_ our\_ heav - y\_ woes. \_\_\_\_\_

*dim.* A - - - - *pp* men. \_\_\_\_\_



# Flee As A Bird

Mrs. S. B. DANA

Moderato espressivo

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.* *cresc.*

Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art weary of  
He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing -

*dim.* *cresc.* *dim.*

sin; — Go to the clear flowing foun - tain; Where you may wash and be  
tear; — He will forsake thee, oh nev - er, Sheltered so ten - der - ly

*mf* *cresc.*

clean. Fly for th'aven - ger is near — thee, call and the Sav - iour will  
there. Hasten the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in

*dim.* *p*

hear thee, He on his bos - som will bear — thee, Thou who art weary of  
sigh - ing, Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing The Saviour will wipe ev - 'ry

*rit.* *a tempo*

sin, O thou who art weary of sin.  
tear, The Saviour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

# One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Andante

R. S. AMBROSE

*p*

One sweet-ly sol- emn thought, Comes to me o'er and

*cresc.*

o'er, I am near-er home to-day, Than I've

*dim.* *mf*

ev-er— been be- fore; Near-er my Fath-er's

*cresc.*

house, Where the man- y man- sions be,

*f* *dim.*

Near-er the great white throne,— Near-er the crys- tal sea.

*p* *cresc.*

Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens

*cresc.*

down, Near-er leav - ing the cross

*dim.* *Animato* *mf*

Near - er gain - ing the crown. But ly - ing dark - ly be -

tween, Wind - ing a - down thro' the night.

*cresc.*

Is the si - lent, un - known stream, That leads at last to the

## Tempo Primo

*f* light, *p* Fath - er, be near when my feet, Are  
 slip - ping o'er the brink, For it may - be I am  
 near - er home, *dim et rit* Near - er now than I *p* think.

## Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

Andante

J. B. DYKES

*mf* 1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - ning pow'r's  
 2. See, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys,  
 3. In vain we tune our life - less songs, In vain we strive to rise,  
 Kind - le a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.  
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.  
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues And our de - vo - tion dies.



# O Paradise!

137

Moderato

J. BARNBY

*mf*

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who  
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing old; Who  
 3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! We long to sin no more, We

*cresc* *dim*

would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;  
 would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold? Where  
 long to be as pure on earth As on thy spot - less shore;

*cresc*

loy - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light, All

*dim*

rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

## Sweet Hour Of Prayer

Andante

W. B. BRADBURY

*mf* *cresc*

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,  
 2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear  
 3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con-so - la - tion share,

*mf* *cresc* *dim*

And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known:  
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En- gage the wait-ing soul to bless.  
Till, from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight;

*mf* *cresc* *dim*

In sea-sons of dis- tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief;  
And since He bids me seek His face, Be- lieve His word, and trust His grace,  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last-ing prize;

*mf* *cresc* *dim*

And oft es-caped the temp-er's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!  
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!  
And shout, while passing through the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!

## Work, For The Night Is Coming

LOWELL MASON

Moderato

*mf* *cresc* *dim*

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn-ing hours;  
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;  
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

*cresc* *dim*

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;  
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:  
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:

*mf* *cresc.*

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;  
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store:  
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:

*f* *dim.*

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.  
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.  
 Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

## O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

J. H. KNECHT

*Andante*

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out - side the fast - clos'd door, In low - ly patience  
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking, And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And thorns Thy brow en -  
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art pleading In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, My

*f* *cresc.*

wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er: We bear the name of Christians, His  
 cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd: O love that pass - eth knowledge, So  
 chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We

*p* *cresc.* *dim.*

name and sign we bear O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!  
 pa - tient - ly to wait O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gat - el  
 o - pen now the door Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.



# There Is A Happy Land

Allegretto

LOWELL MASON

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,  
2. Come to this hap-py land, Come, come a-way, Why will ye doubt-ing stand,  
3. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev-ry eye, Kept by a Fa-ther's hand,

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our  
Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and  
Love can-not die. Oh, then to glo-ry run, Be a crown and

Sav-iour King; Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!  
sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!  
king-dom won, And bright a-bove the sun, Reign, reign for aye!

## Shall We Gather At The River?

Moderato

R. LOWRY

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod,—  
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,—  
3. On the bo-som of the riv-er, Where the Sav-iour King we own,—

With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing from the throne of God?  
We shall walk and wor-ship ev-er All the hap-py, gold-en day.  
We shall meet and sor-row nev-er 'Neath the glo-ry of the throne.



*mf* *cresc.*

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,

*f* *dim.*

Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er, That flows from the throne of God.

## Rock Of Ages

THOMAS HASTINGS

Moderato

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee,  
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,  
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed  
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:  
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.  
 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

## Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

J. B. DYKES

Moderato

*mf*

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might y!  
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,  
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,

*cresc.*

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;

*mf**cresc.*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!  
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,  
 On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,

*f*  
 God in three Per - sons,  
 Which wert and art, and  
 Per - fect in pow'r, in —

*dim.*

bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 ev - er more shall be.  
 love, and pur - i - ty.

## Sun Of My Soul

W. H. MONK.

Andante

*cresc.*

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near  
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep  
 3. A - bid with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;  
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

*f* *cresc.* *dim.*

Oh, may no earthborn cloud a rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.  
 Be my last thought how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.  
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.  
 Now, Lord, the gra-cious work be-gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

## Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Moderato

F. MENDELSSOHN

*mf* *cresc.* *mf*

1. Hark, the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the newborn King! Peace on earth and  
 2. Christ by high-est heavn a-dored; Christ the ev-er lasting Lord; Late in time be-  
 3. Hail! the heavn born Prince of peace! Hail! the Son of Righteousness Light and life to

*cresc.* *f*

mer-cy mild, — God and sin-ners re-con-ciled! Joy-ful, all ye na-tions rise  
 hold him come, Offspring of the fav-ored one. Veild in flesh, the Godhead see;  
 all he brings, Risen with heal-ing in his wings Wild he lays his glo-ry by,

*f* *dim.*

Join the tri-umph of the skies, With th'angel-ic host proclaim, Christ is born in  
 Hail th'in-car-nate De-i-ty: — Pleased as man, with men to dwell, Je-sus our Im-  
 Born that man no more may die. Born to raise the Sons of earth, Born to give them

*f* *dim.*

Beth-le-hem? Hark! the herald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King."  
 man-u-el! se- cond birth.



# It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

Moderato

R. S. WILLIS

*mf* *cresc.*

1. It came up-on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old, -  
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peaceful wings un - furled; -  
 3. And ye be - neath life's crush - ing load Whose forms are bend - ing low, -

*cresc.*

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: -  
 And still their heav - ny mus - ic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; -  
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow, -

*f* *dim.*

"Peace to the earth, good will to men, From heav'n all - gra - cious King;"  
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ing wing;  
 Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swift - ly on the wing;

The world in sol - emn stillness lay, To hear the an - gels sing!  
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing!  
 Oh, rest be - side the weary road, And hear the an - gels sing!

## Old Hundred

(Doxology)

L. BOURGEOIS

Slowly

*4/4*

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice,  
 2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make;  
 3. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be - low;



*cresc* *dim*

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.  
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.  
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

## Jerusalem The Golden

Moderato

ALEX. EWING

*mf*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,  
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,  
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.  
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.  
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;

*cresc* *f*

I know not, Oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,  
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;  
And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,

*dim*

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.  
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.  
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

## Abide With Me

W. H. MONK

Moderato

*p*

1. A - bid with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness  
 2. Swift to its close, ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy

*mf*

deep - ens dim, its grace can  
 Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers  
 glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
 foil the temp - ter's pow'r! Who, like Thy - self, my

*dim*

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bid with me!  
 all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bid with me!  
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bid with me!

## Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

S. B. MARSH

Andante

*mf*

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, —  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; —  
 3. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; —

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; —  
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me! —  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in! —

Hide me, O my  
All my trust on  
Thou of life the

Sav-iour!  
Thee is  
Foun-tain

hide, -  
stayed, -  
art, -

Till the storm of  
All my help from  
Free-ly let me

life be  
Thee I  
take of

past; -  
bring; -  
Thee; -

*mf*

Safe in - to the  
Cov - er my de -  
Spring Thou up with -

ha - ven guide;  
fence-less head  
in my heart!

Oh! re - ceive my  
With the shad - ow  
Rise to all e -

soul at  
of Thy  
ter - ni -

last! -  
wing! -  
ty! -

## Blest Be The Tie That Binds

H. G. NAGELI

*Andante*

*p*

1. Blest be the tie that binds, Our hearts in  
2. Be fore our Fath - er's throne, We pour our  
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual

*dim* *cresc*

Christ - ian love; The fel - low - ship of  
ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, - our hopes, - our  
bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each

*cresc* *dim*

kin - dred minds - Is like - to that - a - bove.  
aims - are one, - Our com - forts and - our cares.  
oth - er flows, - The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.



## Holy Night! Peaceful Night!

FRANZ GRUBER

Andante

*p*

1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Thro' the dark - ness beams a light,  
 2. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Dark - ness flies and all is light!  
 3. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Guid - ing Star, O lend thy light!

Yon - der where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep,  
 Shep - herds hear — the an - gels sing: "Hal - le - lu - jah! hail the King!  
 See the east - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to — our King!

*cresc.* Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.  
 Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! Je - sus the Sav - iour is here!  
 Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! Je - sus the Sav - iour is here!

*dim.*

## Lead, Kindly Light

J. B. DYKES

Slowly

*mf*

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom — Lead Thou me  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayd that Thou — Shouldst lead me  
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me sure it still Will lead me

on; The night is dark and I am far from home,  
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent till



Lead Thou me on— Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to—  
 Lead Thou me on— I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of—  
 The night is gone,— And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces—

see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.—  
 fears— Pride ruled my— will: re - mem - ber not— past years.—  
 smile— Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.—

## Come, Ye Disconsolate

Moderato

SAMUEL WEBBE

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the  
 2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the  
 3. Here see the bread of life: see — wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

*cresc.* mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound - ed hearts,  
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,  
 throne of God, pure from a - boye: Come to the feast of love,

*f* here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.  
 ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.  
 come, ev - er know - ing, Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.  
*dim.*

## Nearer, My God, To Thee

LOWELL MASON

Slowly

*mf*

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it  
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er The sun gone down, Dark-ness be  
 3. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my

be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be,  
 o-ver me My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
 ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise— So by my woes to be,

*dim.*

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!  
 Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!  
 Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

## O Come, All Ye Faithful

J. READING

Moderato

*mf**cresc.*

1. O come all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O  
 2. — God of God, Light of light Lo! he ab-  
 3. — Sing choirs of an-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, — Sing, all ye

*dim.**f*

come ye to Beth-le-hem. Come and be-hold him  
 hors-not the Vir-gin's womb. Ve-ry God, — Be-  
 cit-i-zens of heavn a-bove. Glo-ry to God —

*cresc.*

Born the King of an-gels,  
got-ten not cre-a-ted, O  
In the highest, come, let us a-dore Him, O  
come, let us a-

*f* *dim.*

dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, — Christ — the Lord.

## My Faith Looks Up To Thee

Moderato

*mf*

LOWELL MASON

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,  
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread  
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream

*cresc.* *dim.* *mf*

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my  
My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my  
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's  
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

*f* *dim.*

guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!  
love to Thee Pure warm, and changeless be - A liv - ing fire!  
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove - A ran-somed soul.

3



## Onward, Christian Soldiers

Marcato

A. SULLIVAN

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus,  
2. Like a might-y ar-my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading

Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-against the foe;  
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we,

Forward in-to bat-tle, See His banners go. Onward, Christian sol-diers,  
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty. Onward, Christian sol-diers,

Marching as to-war, With the cross of Je-sus, Going on be-fore.

3. Crowns and thrones may perish  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.—

4. Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng;  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph-song;  
Glory, laud, and honor,  
Unto Christ, the King;  
This through countless ages,  
Men and angels sing.—



## Lauterbach Song

Tempo di Valse

*mf*

1. At Lau-terbach, have I my stock - ing lost, With-out it I will not go  
 2. At Lau-terbach, have I my heart lately lost, With-out it I can - not

home — But back I shall go to — Lau - ter - bach And bring me a -  
 live — So back I must go to — Lau - ter - bach And cap - ture his

YODEL

noth - er one home .  
 heart in ex - change .

*f* Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la,

Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la, Oo, la, la, oo, la, la,

*cresc.*

oo, la, la, la, Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la, la, la.

## Good - Night, Ladies

Moderato

*f* Third Verse *p*

1. Good - night, la - dies! — Good - night, la - dies! — Good - night, la - dies! —  
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! — Fare - well, la - dies! — Fare - well, la - dies! —  
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! — Sweet dreams, la - dies! — Sweet dreams, la - dies! —

la - dies! — We're going to leave you now. *f* *Faster* Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long O'er the dark blue sea.

## Meerschäum Pipe

Moderato

1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschäum pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meerschäum  
 2. Oh, who will wear my cast off clothes? Oh, who will wear my cast-off  
 3. Oh, who will kiss her ru - by lips? Oh, who will kiss her ru - by

pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meer-schäum pipe,  
 clothes? Oh, who will wear my cast - off clothes, } When  
 lips? Oh, who will kiss her ru - by lips, }

I am far a-way? Patsy Mc-Cann, Ma-ry Mo-ran, Doctor Ba-zan, zan, zan!

## Forsaken

Andante

TH. KOSCHAT

1. For - sa - ken, for - sa - ken, for - sa - ken am I Like a stone on the  
2. Near a knoll in the for - est, where sweet flowers bloom, My sweet-heart is

path-way, neg - lect - ed I lie. To the church-yard there yon - der so  
sleep - ing in mos - sy cov - er'd tomb, So there oft - en I wan - der to

sad - ly I go And there low - ly kneel - ing I pour out my  
weep and to sigh And mur - mur to her there, "For - sa - ken am

woe, And there low - ly kneel - ing I pour out my woe.  
I," And mur - mur to her there "For - sa - ken am I!"

## Solomon Levi

Lively *mf*

1. My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Sa-lem  
2. And if a bum-mer comes a-long To my store on Sa-lem

street, — That's where you'll buy your coats and vests; And  
street, — And tries to hang me up for coats, And

ev - 'ry - thing that's neat; — I've sec - ond - hand - ed  
vests so ve - ry neat; — I kicks the bum-mer right

Ul - ster - ettes, And ev - 'ry - thing that's fine, — For  
out of my store And on him sets my pup, — For I

all the boys, they trade with me, At a hun-dred and for - ty nine. —  
won't sell cloth - ing to an - y man Who tries — to set me up. —



## CHORUS

*f*

O, Sol-o-mon Le - vil Le - vil tra la la la! — Poor cheen-y Le - vil

*cresc.* *ff*

Tra la la la la la la la la, My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Sa-lem

street; That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, And ev-ry-thing else that's neat;—

Sec-ond-hand-ed Ul - ster-ettes and ev-'ry-thing else that's fine — For

all the boys they trade with me At a hun-dred and for - ty nine. —

# Forty-Nine Bottles

Moderato

*cresc.*

1. For-ty-nine bot-tles hanging on the wall, For-ty-nine bot-tles hanging on the wall,  
2, 3 etc. For-ty-eight bot-tles etc.

Take one a-way from them all, For-ty-eight bot-tles hanging on the wall.

## O Du Lieber Augustin

Slow Waltz

O du lie-ber Au-gus-tine, Au-gus-tine Au-gus-tine, O du lie-ber

Au-gus-tine al-les ist hin! Geld ist weg, Mad'l ist weg,

Al-les weg, Al-les weg, O du lie-ber Au-gus-tine Al-les ist hin!

# Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye

Allegro

*cresc.*
*dim.*

1. The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — We  
2. I'll miss you on the storm-y deep, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — What  
3. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — I'll

*cresc.*
*rit.*

may not meet for ma - ny a day, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — My  
can I do but ev - er weep? Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — My  
try to bear my wea - ry pain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — Tho'

Slower

heart will ev - er - more be true, Tho' now we sad - ly say a-dieu; Oh,  
heart is bro - ken with re-gret! But nev - er dream that I'll for-get; I  
far I roam a - cross the sea, My ev - 'ry thought of you shall be, Oh,

kiss - es sweet I leave with you, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!  
lovd you once, I love you yet, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! The  
say you'll some-times think of me, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!

CHORUS

ship goes Sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — 'Tis



*cresc.* *rit.*

sad to tear my heart a-way! Good-bye my lov-er, good -bye! —

## Wot Cher!

(Knock'd 'Em In The Old Kent Road)

ALBERT CHEVALIER

*mf* Moderato

1. Last week down our al - ley come a toff, Nice old  
2. Some says nas - ty things a - bout the moke, One cove

geez - er with a nas - ty cough, Sees my missus, takes 'is topper off  
thinks 'is leg is real - ly broke, That's 'is en - vy, 'cos we're carriage folk,

*mf*

In a ve - ry gen - tle - man - ly way! "Ma'am" says  
Like the toffs as rides in Rot - ten Row! Straight it

he, "I 'ave some news to tell, Your rich Un - cle Tom of Camberwell,  
woke the al - ley up a bit, Thought our lad - ger would 'ave 'ad a fit,



Popped off recent, which it aint a sell. Leaving you's little don-key shay."  
When my mis-sus, who's a re - al wit, Says "I 'ates a Bus because its low!"

*f* CHORUS  
"Wot cher!" all the neigh-bors cried, Who're yer goin' to meet, Bill?

Have yer bought the street, Bill?" Laugh! I thought I should 'ave died

Knock'd 'em in the Old Kent Road. Road.

3

4

When we starts the blessed donkey starts,  
He won't move, so out I quickly lops,  
Pals start whackin' him, when down he drops,  
Someone says he wasn't made to go.  
Lor'it might 'ave been a four in 'and,  
My old Dutch knows 'ow to do the grand,  
First she bows, and then she waves 'er 'and,  
Calling out "We're goin' for a blow!"

Ev'ry evenin' on the stroke of five,  
Me and Missus takes a litte drive,  
You'd say, "Wonderful they're still alive,"  
If you saw that little donkey go.  
I soon showed 'im that 'ed have to do,  
Just whatever he was wanted to,  
Still I shan't forget that rowdy crew,  
'Ollerin' "Woa! steady! Neddy, Woa!"

## Funiculi, Funicula

L. DENZA

Allegro

*mf*

1. Some think the world is  
2. Ah me! 'tis strange that

*f*

made for fun and frolic, And so do I! And so do  
some should take to sighing, And like it well! And like it

*mf*

I! Some think it well to be all mel-an-  
well! For me, I have not thought it worth the

*f*

cholic, To pine and sigh; To pine and sigh;  
try-ing, So can-not tell! So can-not tell!

*mf*

But I I love to spend my time in sing-ing,  
With laugh, with dance and song the day soon pass-es

*f*

— Some joy-ous song, — Some joy-ous song, — To  
 — Full soon is gone, — Full soon is gone, — For

*cresc*

set — the air with mu-sic brave-ly ring-ing — Is far from  
 mirth — was made for joy-ous lads and lass-es — To call their

*f* *ff* CHORUS

wrong! — Is far from wrong! — Lis - ten,  
 own! — To call their own! — Lis - ten,

lis - ten, Ech - oes sound a - far! — Lis - ten, lis - ten,  
 lis - ten, Hark the soft gui - tar! — Lis - ten, lis - ten,

*cresc*

Ech-oes sound a - far! Fu-ni - cu - li, fu-ni - cu - la, fu-ni - cu - li, fu-ni - cu -  
 Hark the soft gui - tar! Fu-ni - cu - li, fu-ni - cu - la, fu-ni - cu - li, fu-ni - cu -

*ff*

la! Ech-oes sound a - far, Fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la!  
 la! Hark the soft gui - tar? Fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la!

## The Midshipmite

With spirit

STEPHEN ADAMS

*mf* *f*

1. 'Twas in fif - ty - five on a win - ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo  
 2. We — launch'd the cut - ter and shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo  
 3. "Im — done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo

*mf* *f*

ho! We'd got the — Roosh - an — lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle —  
 ho! The lub - bers — might ha' — heard us shout, As — the Mid - dycried, "Now my  
 ho! "You make for the boat, nev - er mind for me!" "Well take 'ee — back, sir, or

*cresc* *mf*

Mid-ship - mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! — "Who'll go a - shore to -  
 lads, put a - bout," Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We — made for the guns 'an we  
 die," says — wel Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Sowe hoist - ed him in, in a

*f*

night" says he "An — spike their — guns a — long wi' me?" "Why —  
 ramm'd them tight, But the musk - et — shots came — left and right, An' —  
 ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulld ev - 'ry man with — all his might, An' —



bless 'ee sir come a -  
down drops the poor lit - tle  
sav'd the poor lit - tle

long!' says we,  
mid - ship - mite,  
mid - ship - mite,

Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo

hol —

*Tempo di Valse* *rit* *mf a tempo*

Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo

hol With a long, long

pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai - ly, boys, make her go. —

— An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship - mite, Sing - ing

cheer - i - ly, lads, yo

hol — *D.C.*

1 2 3 *last verse*

## Fair Harvard

Andante

*cresc.**dim.*

1. Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy ju - bi-lee throng; And with blessings, surrender thee  
 2. To thy bowrs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in-fan-tile

o'er, — By these fes-ti-val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait-ing be-  
 years, When our fathers had warn'd, and our mothers had prayed And our sisters had blest, thro' their

fore. O rel-ic and type of our an-cestor's worth, That has long kept their memory warm, First  
 tears! Thou then wert our parent the nurse of our souls, We were moulded to manhood by thee, Till

flow'r of their wil-der-ness, star of their night, Calm ris - ing thro' change and thro' storm!  
 freighted with treasure tho'ts, friendships and hopes, Thou did'st launch us on Des - ti - ny's sea.

3.

4.

When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,  
 To what kindlings the season gives birth  
 Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more  
 dear,

Than descend on less privileged earth;  
 For the good and the great in their beautiful prime,  
 Through thy precincts have musingly trod;  
 As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams  
 That make glad the fair city of God.

Farewell, be thy destinies onward and bright  
 To thy children the lesson still give,  
 With freedom to think, and with patience to  
 bear,

And for right ever bravely to live.  
 Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,  
 As the world on truth's current glides by;  
 Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love  
 Till the stock of the Puritans die.

## Dutch Warbler

## Waltz Time

*f*

1. Oh where, oh where ish mine lit - tle dog gone, Oh where, oh  
 2. I loves\_ mine la - ger, 'tish ve - ry goot beer, Oh where, oh  
 3. Un sasage ish goot\_ bo - lo - nie, of course, Oh where, oh

where can he be? His ears\_ cut short and his tail\_ cut long: Oh  
 where can he be? But wit\_ no mon - ey, I can - not drink here: Oh  
 where can he be? Dey makes um mit dog und dey makes em mit horse. I

where, oh where, oh guess dey where\_ ish he? Tra la la la la la la  
 where, oh where\_ ish he? Tra la la la la la la  
 guess dey makes em mit he. Tra la la la la la la

*f*

la la la la, La la la la la la la la, Tra la la la

*f*

la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la!

## Peanut Song

Moderato

*mf*

1. The man who has plen-ty of good peanuts, And giv-eth his neigh-bor none, He  
 2. The man who has plen-ty of good or-an-ges, And giv-eth his neigh-bor none, He

*cresc.* *dim.*

shan't have an-y of my pea-nuts, When his — pea-nuts are gone. — When  
 shan't have an-y of my or-an-ges, When his or-an-ges are gone. — When

CHORUS

*f* *cresc.*

his pea-nuts are gone, — When his pea-nuts are gone, — He

*dim.*

shan't have an-y of my pea-nuts, When his — pea-nuts are gone. —

3. The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda  
 crackers  
 And giveth his neighbor none;  
 He shan't have any of my soft soda crackers,  
 When his soft, sweet soda crackers are gone.

4. The man who has plenty of ripe, red strawber-  
 ry short-cake  
 And giveth his neighbor none;  
 He shan't have any of my ripe, red strawberry  
 short-cake,  
 When his ripe, red strawberry short-cake is gone.

5. The man who has plenty of good salt-junk  
 And giveth his neighbor none;  
 He shan't have any of my good salt-junk,  
 When his good salt-junk is gone.

6. The man who has plenty of spondulacs  
 And giveth his neighbor none;  
 He shan't have any of my spondulacs,  
 When his spondulacs are gone.



# Over The Banister

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Moderato

*mf*

1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be -  
2. No - bo - dy on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full — of  
3. Holds — her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing

guil - ing, While — be - low her with ten - der grace, He —  
mean - ing, Gaze on the love - li - est face in town, —  
bold - er, Till her love - ly hair lets its mass - es down, Like a

*dim* *mf*  
watch - es the pic - ture smil - ing. The light — burns dim in the  
O - ver the ban - is - ter lean - ing, — Tim - id and tired — with  
man - tle o - ver his shoul - der. A ques - tion asked, — a

*cresc*  
hall be - low, No - bo - dy sees them stand - ing, Say - ing good -  
down - cast eyes, I won - der why she — lin - gers Aft - er  
swift ca - res, She had fled like a bird from the stair - way But o - ver the

*dim*  
night a - gain soft and low, — Half - way up to the land - ing.  
all the good - nights are said? — Some - bo - dy holds — her fin - gers.  
ban - is - ter comes a yes, That brightens the world for him al - ways.



*ff*

U-pi-dee-i, dee-i - da, U- pi-dee, U- pi- da! U- pi-dee i, dee-i - da, U- pi-dee-i - da!

## The Quilting Party

Moderato

*mf*

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas  
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed,— Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas  
3. On my lips a whis-per trembled, Trem-bled till it dared to come, And 'twas  
4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing, And those hopes have lived and grown, And 'twas

from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was  
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was  
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was  
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was

CHORUS

*mf*

see - ing Nel - lie home, — I was see - ing Nel - lie home. And 'twas

*cresc.* *dim*

from Aunt Di-nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

# Polly-Wolly-Doodle

Quickly

*mf*

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day. My  
2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid en fair, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day. With  
3. Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get a cross, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day. So I

Sal - ly am a spun - ky gal, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.  
cur - ly eyes and laugh - ing hair, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day. Fare thee  
jump'd on a nig-ga, an' I tho't he was a hoss, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

## CHORUS

well, fare thee well, Fare thee well my fair - y fay, For I'm

going to Lousi-a-na, For to see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing-ing Pol-ly-wolly-doodle all the day.

4.

Oh, a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,  
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day,  
A-pickin his teef wid a carpet tack,  
Sing etc., etc.

6.

Behind de barn, down on my knees,  
Sing etc., etc.  
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze,  
Sing etc., etc.

5.

Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,  
Sing etc., etc.  
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost,  
Sing etc., etc.

7.

He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin' cough,  
Sing etc., etc.  
He sneezed his head an' tail right off,  
Sing etc., etc.



# Oh, My Darling Clementine

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P. MONTROSE

Waltz time

*mf*

1. In a cav-ern, in a canyon, Ex-ca-vat-ing for a mine, Dwelt a  
2. Light she was and like a fai-ry, And her shoes were number nine, Her-ring  
3. Drove she duck-lings to the wa-ter, Ev-'ry morn-ing just at nine, Hit her

min-er, for-ty-nin-er, And his daugh-ter, Cle-men-tine.  
box-es, with-out top-ses, San-dals were for Cle-men-tine. Oh my  
foot a-gainst a splin-ter, Fell in-to the foam-ing brine.

**CHORUS**

*f*

dar-ling, Oh my dar-ling; Oh my dar-ling Cle-men-tine, You are

lost and gone for-ev-er, Dref-ful sor-ry, Cle-men-tine.

4.  
Ruby lips above the water,  
Blowing bubbles soft and fine;  
Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,  
So I lost my Clementine.

5.  
In a churchyard near the canyon,  
Where the myrtle doth entwine;  
There grow roses and other posies,  
Fertilized by Clementine.

6.  
Then the miner, forty-niner,  
Soon began to peak and pine;  
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter,  
Now he's with his Clementine.

7.  
In my dreams she still doth haunt me,  
Robed in garments soaked in brine;  
Though in life I used to hug her,  
Now she's dead, I'll draw the line.

## Sailing

GODFREY MARKS

Allegro

*mf* *cresc.*

1. Y'heave ho! — my lads — the wind blows free, — A  
 2. The sail — or's life — is bold and free, — His  
 3. The tide — is flow — ing with the gale, — Y'heave

*dim.*

pleas — ant gale — is on our lee: — And soon — a —  
 home — is on — the roll — ing sea — And nev — er  
 ho! — my lads, — set ev — 'ry sail; — The har — bor

*cresc.*

cross — the o — cean clear — Our gal — lant bark — shall  
 heart — more true or brave — Than his — who launch — es  
 bar — we soon shall clear, — Fare — well — once more — to

*f*

brave — ly steer; — But ere we part — from Eng — land's shores to —  
 on — the wave, — A — far he speeds — in dis — tant climes to —  
 home — so dear, — For when the tem — pest rag — es loud and

night, — A song we'll sing — for home and beau — ty bright, —  
 roam, — With jo — cund song — he rides the spark — ling foam, —  
 long, — That home shall be — our guid — ing star and song. —

Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the heart so true, Who will think of him up-

*rit.* on the waters blue! **CHORUS** *f a tempo* Sail - ing, sail - ing, o-ver the bounding

*cresc.* main, — For man - y a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a -

*ff* gain! — Sail - ing, sail - ing, o-ver the bound - ing main — For

*cresc.* man - y a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - *rit.* *a tempo* gain. —

## Mush, Mush

Waltz tempo

*mf*

1. Oh'twas there I larn'd ra-din' an' wri-tin' At Billy Brackett's where  
 2. Oh'twas me we had mon-y a scrimmage, An'-div-il a  
 there that I larn'd all me court-in', O' the lis-sons I  
 Con-nor, she lived jist for ninst me, An' tin-der lines

I wint to school, And'twas there I larned howl-in' and fightin'  
 cop-y I wrote, There was ne'er a gos- soon in the vil-lage  
 tuck in the art Till Cu-pid the blackguard while sportin'  
 to her I wrote If ye dare say one hard word a-gin her

Wid me schoolmaster Mis-ter, O' Toole; Him an'  
 Dared thread on the tail o' my heart, Miss Judy O'  
 An' ar-rowdhray straight thro' me  
 I'll thread on the tail o' yer

ad-dy, Sing mushmushmush, tu-ral-i-a! There was

ne'er a gos- soon in the village Dared thread on the tail o' me coat!



# Jingle Bells

Allegro

*f* *cresc.*

1. — Dashing thro' the snow, In a one horse o - pen sleigh; — O'er the fields we go —  
 2. A day or two a - go, I — tho't I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fannie Bright, Was  
 3. — Now the ground is white, — Go it while you're young; — Take the girls tonight; And

*dim.* *f*

Laugh - ing all the way; — Bells on bobtail ring, — Making spir - its bright; What  
 seat - ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot, He  
 sing this sleighing song; Just get a bobtail'd bay, Two - for - ty for his speed, Then

*cresc.* *f* CHORUS

fun it is to ride and sing a sleigh - ing song tonight!  
 got in - to a drift - ed bank and then we got up - so't!  
 hitch him to an o - pen sleigh and crack! you'll take the lead.

Jingle bells, Jingle bells,

*cresc.*

Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh!

Jingle bells, Jingle bells, Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse open sleigh!

# Go To Sleep, Lena Darling

(Emmet's Lullaby)

J. K. EMMET

Moderato

*mf*

1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar - ling, While I sing your lul - la -  
2. Bright be de morn - ing, my dar - ling, Ven you ope your eyes, -

by, fear thou no dan - ger Le - na, Move not, dear Le - na, my dar - ling,  
Sun-beams glow all 'round you, Le - na, Peace be with thee, love, my dar - ling,

For your broo - der watch - es nigh you, Le - na, dear. *mf* An - gels guide thee,  
Blue and cloud-less be the sky for Le - na, dear. Birds sing their bright,

*dim.*  
Le - na dear, my dar - ling - Noth - ing e - vil can come near;  
songs for thee, my dar - ling - Full of sweet - est mel - o - dy;

*cresc.* *dim.*  
Bright - est flow - ers blow for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter dear to me.  
An - gels ev - er hov - er near, Dar - ling sis - ter dear to me.

## CHORUS

*p*

Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by;

Go to sleep, my ba - by - ba - by oh bye! *p* *dim.* *pp* Go to — sleep, Le-na, sleep.

## Dear Evelina

## Waltz Time

*mf*

1. Way- down in the mead-ow where the li - ly first blows, Where the  
2. She's fair as a rose, like a — lamb she is meek, And she  
3. Ev-e - li - na and I one fine — eve-ning in June, Took a

wind from the moun - tains ne'er ruf - fles the — rose; Lives —  
nev - er was known to put paint on — her — cheek, In the  
walk all a - lone by the light of — the — moon, The —

fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle dove, The —  
most grace - ful curls hangs her ra - ven black hair, And she  
plan - ets all shone for the heav - ens were clear, And I

pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.  
 nev - er re - quires — per - fum - er - y there.  
 felt round the heart most tre - mem - dous - ly queer.

## CHORUS

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na,

My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na,

My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.



# My Bonnie

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Slow waltz time

*mf* *cresc*

1. My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o - cean, My Bon - nie lies o - ver the  
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my  
 3. Oh! blow, ye winds o - ver the o - cean Oh! blow, ye winds o - ver the

*dim* *mf* *cresc*

sea, My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, Oh, bring back my  
 bed, Last night as I lay on my pil - low, I dreamt that my  
 sea, Oh! blow ye winds o - ver the o - cean, And bring back my

*dim* *mf* CHORUS *cresc*

Bon-nie to me. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to  
 Bon-nie was dead. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to  
 Bon-nie to me. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to

*mf* *cresc* *dim*

me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon-nie to me.

## Juanita

Andante

*p*

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, ling-ring falls the south-ern moon, Far o'er the mountain  
 2. When in thy dream-ing, moons like these shall shine a - gain, And daylight beaming

Breaks the day too soon! In thy darkeyes splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,  
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,

Wear-y looks yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well. Ni-tal! Jua - ni-tal!  
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-tal! Jua - ni-tal!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-tal! Jua - ni-tal! Lean thou on my heart.  
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-tal! Jua - ni-tal! Be my own fair bride.

## Rock-a-bye, Baby

Slowly

1. Rock-a-bye, ba-by in the tree top,  
2. Hush-a-bye, ba-by in the tree top,  
When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock;

When the bough breaks the cradle will fall, And down will come ba-by, cra-dle and all.

## Sweet And Low

J. BARNBY

Larghetto

*p*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; —  
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; —

*cresc**dim*

Low, low, — breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; —  
 Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; —

*mf**pp*

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go Come from the dy - ing  
 Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all

*p**dim*

moon — and blow, Blow him a - gain to me, —  
 out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon, —

*dim et rit**pp*

While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. —  
 Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep. —



## Daddy

F. BEHREND

Moderato

*p* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Take my head on your shoul-der, Dad-dy, Turn your face to the west, It is  
 2. Why do your big tears fall, — Dad-dy, Moth-er's not far a - way, I —

just the hour when the sky turns gold, The hour — that mother loves best. The  
 of - ten seem to — hear her voice — fall-ing a - cross — my play. And it

*cresc.*

day has been long with-out you Dad-dy, You've been such a while a - way, — And  
 some - times makes me cry, Dad-dy, To think it's — none of it true, Till I

*cresc.*

now you're as tird of your work, Dad-dy, As I am tird of my play. — But  
 fall a - sleep — to dream, Dad-dy, Of home and moth-er and you. — For

*p* *mf*

I've got you and you've got me, So ev - 'ry-thing seems right, I wonder if moth-er is  
 I've got you and you've got me, So ev - 'ry-thing may go; — We're all — the world to each



think-ing of us. Be- cause\_ it is\_ my birth-day night.  
oth - er, dad, For moth-er, dear moth-er once told\_ me. so.

## Child's Dreamland

Slow Waltz

*mf* When the moon is beam - ing, O'er the wa - ters gleam - ing, *cresc.*

*dim.* Lit - tle ones are dream - ing, Free from toil and care.

*mf* Once a - gain they wan - der O'er the mea - dows yon - der, *cresc.*

*dim.* Hand, in hand in child's dream-land, Where all is bright and fair.

# The Mulberry Bush

Quickly

*mf*

1. Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush;  
 2. This is the way we i - ron our clothes, we i - ron our clothes, we i - ron our clothes,

Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, All on a frost - y morn-ing.  
 This is the way we i - ron our clothes, So ear - ly Tues - day morn-ing.

*f*  
 This is the way we clap our hands, This is the way we clap our hands,  
 This is the way we scrub the floor, We scrub the floor, we scrub the floor,

*dim.*  
 This is the way we clap our hands, All on a frost - y morn-ing.  
 This is the way we scrub the floor, So ear - ly Wednes - day morn-ing.

## Jack and Jill

Allegro

*mf*

Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa - ter;

*mf*

Jack fell down, And broke his crown, And Jill came tum-bling af-ter.

This musical block contains a short piece in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, starting on G4 and ending on G5. The accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting on G2 and ending on G3. The tempo is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "Jack fell down, And broke his crown, And Jill came tum-bling af-ter."

## Follow Me, Full of Glee

Gaily

*f*

1. Chil-dren go, to and fro, In a mer-ry pret-ty row; Footsteps light, fa-ces bright,  
2. Birds are free, so are we, And we live as hap-pi-ly; Work we do, stud-y too,

This musical block contains the first system of the piece "Follow Me, Full of Glee". It is in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, starting on G4 and ending on G5. The accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting on G2 and ending on G3. The tempo is marked *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "1. Chil-dren go, to and fro, In a mer-ry pret-ty row; Footsteps light, fa-ces bright, 2. Birds are free, so are we, And we live as hap-pi-ly; Work we do, stud-y too,"

*mf* *cresc.*

'Tis a happy, hap-py sight, Swiftly turn-ing round and round, Do not look upon the ground  
Learning daily something new; Then we laugh and dance, and sing, Gay as birds or any-thing!

This musical block contains the second system of the piece. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The tempo is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *cresc.* (crescendo). The lyrics are: "'Tis a happy, hap-py sight, Swiftly turn-ing round and round, Do not look upon the ground Learning daily something new; Then we laugh and dance, and sing, Gay as birds or any-thing!"

*f* *mf*

Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly. } Singing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,  
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly. }

This musical block contains the third system of the piece. It features a repeat sign and a first ending. The tempo is marked *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly. } Singing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly. }

*cresc.* *f*

Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.

This musical block contains the fourth system of the piece. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the third system. The tempo is marked *cresc.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly."

## See - Saw

CH. COOTE

In Waltz Time

See - saw, See - saw, now we're up - or down, —

See - saw, See - saw, — now — we're off to Lon - don Town, —

See - saw, See - saw, Boys and girls come out and play,

*cresc.* See - saw, — See - saw, *dim.* On this our half hol - i - day. *Fine*

There's Pol - ly and John - ny and Kit - ty and Jane, All running to get on the  
come boys, and girls and all join hands a - round, And mer - ri - ly skip with de-



See - saw a - gain, But Rob - by and Sal - ly al - read - y are there, And  
light o'er the ground, Such frolic - some games ne'er be - fore have been seen, As

swing - ing the See - saw up high in the air. Then  
we'll have to - day on the old vil - lage green. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun! Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun!

*rit.*

*D.C. al Fine.*

## Little Bo-Peep

*Moderato**mf*

Lit - tle Bo - Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them,

Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, Wagging their tails - be - hind them.

## Old King Cole

Moderato

*mf*

Now Old King Cole, was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he, He

call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fiddlers three, And

ev'-ry fiddler had a fine fiddle, And ev'-ry fiddler had a fine fiddle, — And a

ver-y fine fiddle had he, And a ver-y fine — fiddle had he, For

## CHORUS

*f*

Old King Cole, was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he, He

call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fiddlers three.

*f*

## Buy A Broom

Waltz tempo

From Deutschland I come with my light wares all laden, To the land where the  
To brush a way in-sect that sometimes annoy you, you'll find it quite

*mf*

blessing of freedom doth bloom, Then lis-ten fair la-dy and young pretty  
hand-y to use night and day, And what better ex-er-cise pray can en-

*p* *cresc.*

maid-en, Oh, — buy of the wand-ring Ba-va-rian a broom. Buy a  
ploy you, Then to sweep all vex-a-tious in-truders a-way? Buy a

*mf* *p*

broom, Buy a broom, Oh buy of the wandring Ba-va-rian a broom.  
broom, Buy a broom, And sweep all vex-a-tious in-truders a-way.

*cresc.* *f*

## Cradle Song

J. BRAHMS

Andante

*p*

1. Lul-la - by and good night, with ro - ses be - dight With li - lies be -  
 2. Lul-la - by and good night, thy\_ moth-er's de - light Bright an-gels a -

decked is\_ ba - by's wee bed; Lay thee down now and rest may thy  
 round my- dar - ling shall stand; They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt

*p*

*dim*

slum-ber be blest, Lay thee down now and rest may thy slum-ber be blest,  
 wake in my arms, They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my arms.

## Baa! Baa! Black Sheep

Lively

*f* *p*

Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an-y wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir! Three bags full,

*p*

One for my master, and one for my dame, But none for the naughty boy that cries in the lane.



# Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Moderato

*mf*

1. Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star; How I won-der what you are,  
2. When the blaz-ing sun is gone, When he noth-ing shines up - on,

Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky!  
Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin-kle, twin-kle all the night.

*mf* *cresc* *dim*  
Twin - kle, twin-kle lit - tle star, How I won-der what you are!

## Dickory, Dickory, Dock

Lively

Dick-o - ry, dick-o - ry, dock; The mouse ran up the clock; The

clock struck One, The mouse ran down; Dick-o - ry, dick-o - ry dock.

# Humpty Dumpty

Lively

*mf*

Hump-ty Dump-ty sat on a wall, Hump-ty Dump-ty had a great fall;  
All the King's horses and all the King's men, Could'n't put Humpty to- geth- er a - gain.

The musical score for 'Humpty Dumpty' is written for piano in 6/8 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is 'Lively' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'Hump-ty Dump-ty sat on a wall, Hump-ty Dump-ty had a great fall; All the King's horses and all the King's men, Could'n't put Humpty to- geth- er a - gain.'

# Little Boy Blue

Moderato

*mf*

Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow up your horn, There's sheep in the meadow and cows in the corn,  
Where is the boy that looks af- ter the sheep? He's un- der the hay- cock fast a- sleep,

The musical score for 'Little Boy Blue' is written for piano in 6/8 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow up your horn, There's sheep in the meadow and cows in the corn, Where is the boy that looks af- ter the sheep? He's un- der the hay- cock fast a- sleep,'.

# Little Jack Horner

Lively

*mf*

*cresc*

Lit - tle Jack Hor- ner sat in a cor- ner, Eat- ing a Christmas pie, — He

The musical score for 'Little Jack Horner' is written for piano in 6/8 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is 'Lively'. The dynamic starts at 'mf' and increases with a 'cresc' (crescendo) marking. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'Lit - tle Jack Hor- ner sat in a cor- ner, Eat- ing a Christmas pie, — He'.

put in his thumb, And pulled out a plum, And said "what a good boy am I."—

## See, Saw, Margery Daw

Slowly

*mf*

See - saw, Mar - ge - ry Daw, Jack shall have a new mas - ter,

He shall have but a pen - ny a day, Be - cause he won't work a - ny fast - er.

## Mary Had A Little Lamb

Andante

*mf*

1. — Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, —  
2. And ev - 'ry where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, And

Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow.  
ev - 'ry where that Ma - ry went the lamb was sure to go.

## Sing A Song of Sixpence

Lively

*mf*

1. — Sing a song of Six-pence, A pock-et full of Rye,  
 2. The King was in the coun-ting house, Coun-ting out his mon-ey, The

Four-and-twenty Black-birds Bak'd in a Pie;  
 Queen was in the Par-lor Eating bread and hon-ey, The maid was in the gar-den —

birds be-gan to sing, Was-n't that a dain-ty dish to set be-fore a King?  
 Hang-ing out the clothes, Down came a black-bird and peck'd off her nose.

## Hey, Diddle, Diddle

Lively

*f*

Hey, did-dle, did-dle, The cat and the fid-dle, The cow jump'd o-ver the moon, — The

lit-tle dog laughed To see such sport, And the dish ran af-ter the spoon. —



# Nelly Was A Lady

197

STEPHEN FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1. Down\_ on de Mis-sis-sip-pi  
2. Now\_ I'm un-hap-py, an' I'm  
3. When I saw my Nel-ly in de

float-ing,  
weep-ing,  
morn-ing,

Long time I trab-ble on de  
Can't tote de cot-ton wood no  
Smile till she o-pen'd up her

way,  
more,  
eyes,

All night de cot-ton wood a - to - ting,  
Last night while Nel-ly was a - sleep - ing,  
Seem'd like de light ob day a - dawn - ing,

## CHORUS

*mf*

*cresc.*

Sing for my true lub all de day.  
Death came a knock-in' at de door.  
Jist 'fore de sun be-gin to rise:

Nel-ly was a la-dy,

Last night she died;

*f* Toll de bell for lub-ly Nell, My *dim.* dark Vir-gin-ny bride. *pp* Nel-ly was a la-dy,

*cresc.* Last night she died;

*p* Toll de bell for lub-ly Nell, My *dim.*

*pp* dark Vir-gin-ny bride.

## Uncle Ned

STEPHEN FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1. Dere was an old nig - ga, dey  
 2. His fin - gers were long like de  
 3. When Ole Ned die Mas - sa

call'd him Un - cle Ned, He's -  
 cane — in de brake, He —  
 took it might - y hard, De —

*cresc.**dim.*

dead long a - go, long a - go;  
 had no — eyes for to see;  
 tears run — down like de rain;

He had — no wool on de  
 He had — no teeth for to  
 Ole Mis-sus turn pale, and she

*cresc.**dim.*

top ob his head, De —  
 eat de corn-cake So he  
 gets ber-ry sad, Cayse she

place — whar de wool ought to  
 had to let de corn cake —  
 neb - ber see Ole Ned a -

grow.  
 be. { Den  
 gain.

## CHORUS

*Slowly**rit.*

lay down de shub-ble and de hoe. —

Hang up de fid-dle and de bow; For there's

*cresc.**dim.*

no more work for poor Ole Ned, He's gone whar de good nig-gas go.

# Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny

E. P. CHRISTY

Moderato

*mf*

1. The float ing scow of Old Vir- gin-ny, I work'd in from day to day, — A-  
 2. If I was on - ly young a - gain, — I'd lead a dif-fer-ent life, — I'd  
 3. And when I'm dead and gone, Place this — old ban - jo by any side, — Let

*mf*

fish-ing'mongst de oys-ter beds, To me it was but play; — But now I'm grow-ing  
 save my mon - ey, buy a farm, And take Di-nah for my wife; — But now old age, he  
 possm and coon to fun-'ral go, Dey was al-ways my pride, And den in soft re-

*cresc.**dim.*

ve - ry old, I can - not work any more, — So car-ry me back to Old Virgin-ny, to  
 holds me tight, My limbs are grow - ing sore, — So take — me back to Old Virgin-ny, to  
 pose I'll sleep, And dream for ev - er more, — You've car-ried me back to Old Virgin-ny, to

## CHORUS

*mf**cresc.*

Old Vir-gin-ny's shore...  
 Old Vir-gin-ny's shore... { Den car-ry me back to Old Vir-gin-ny, To Old Vir-gin-ny's  
 Old Vir-gin-ny's shore...

*dim.*

shore, Oh, — car-ry me back to Old Vir-gin-ny, To Old Vir-gin-ny's shore. —



## Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long

STEPHEN FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1. Oh! car-ry me 'long, — Dere's no more trou-ble for me; — Is  
 2. All o - ber de lan', — I's wan-der'd man-y a day; — To  
 3. Fare - well to de boys, — Wid hearts so hap-py and light, — Dey

*cresc.**dim.*

gwine to roam in a hap - py home, Where all de niggas am free. — I's work'd long in de  
 blow de horn an' mind de corn, An' keep de possum a way — Dere's no use for me  
 sing a song de whole day long, An' danced de ju - ba at night. — An' fare-well to de

*cresc.*

fields, — I's hand-led man-y a hoe, — I'll turn my eye jes' be-fore I die, An'  
 now, — So dar-kies, bur-y me low, — My horn is dry an' so I must lie, Wha de  
 fields, — Ob cot-ton, 'bac-co an all, — I's gwine to hoe in a bressed row, Wha de

## CHORUS

*dim.*

see de su - gar-cane grow. — pos-sum neb-ber can go. — corn grows mel-low and tall. —  
 Oh! boys, car-ry me 'long; Car-ry me till I

*cresc.**dim.*

die; — Car-ry me down to de bur-y - in' grown', Mas-sa, don't you cry. —



# Old Dog Tray

Andante

STEPHEN FOSTER

*mf*  
 1. The morn of life is past, And eve-ning comes at last, It  
 2. The forms I call'd my own, Have van-ish'd one by one, The  
 3. When tho'ts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I

brings me a dream of — once a hap - py day; Of merry forms I've seen Up -  
 lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a-way; Their hap-pysmiles have flown; Their  
 know that he feels what my breaking heart would say; Al - tho' he can - not speak, I'll

on the vil-lage green, Sport-ing with my old dog Tray.  
 gen - tle voi - ces gone, I've noth-ing left but old dog Tray.  
 vain - ly, vain-ly seek, A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

*mf* CHORUS  
 Old dog Tray's ev-er faith - ful. Grief cannot drive him a - way; He's

gentle, he is kind, I'll nev-er, never find a better friend than old dog Tray.

## Hard Times, Come Again No More

STEPHEN FOSTER

Moderato

*cresc.*

1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its man - y tears, While we  
 2. While we seek mirth and beau - ty and mus - ic light and gay, There are  
 3. There's a pale droop - ing maid - en who toils her life a - way With a

*dim.*  
 all sup - sor - row with the poor; There's a song that will lin - ger for -  
 frail forms - fainting at the door; Tho' their voi - ces are si - lent, their  
 worn heart whose bet - ter days are o'er; Tho' their voice would be merry, 'tis

*cresc.* *dim.*  
 ev - er in our ears,  
 plead - ing looks will say, "Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more! 'Tis the  
 sigh - ing all the day,

## CHORUS

*dim.*  
 song, the sigh, of the wear - y; Hard Times! Hard Times! come a - gain no more! Many

*cresc.* *dim.*  
 days you have linger'd a - round my cabin door! Oh! Hard Times! come again no more!

# Maryland! My Maryland!

203

Moderato

JAMES R. RANDALL

*mf*

1. Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thy  
2. Thou wilt not yield the vandal toil, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thou

beam-ing sword shall nev-er rust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Re-  
wilt not crook to his con-trol, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Bet-

*p*

mem-ber Car-roll's sacred trust, Re- member How-ard's war-like thrust, And  
ter the fire up-on the roll, Bet- ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than

*cresc.*  
*f*

all thy slum-brers with the just, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!  
cru-ci-fix-ion of the soul, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!

3

I see no blush upon thy cheek,  
Maryland! my Maryland!  
Tho' thou wast ever bravely meek,  
Maryland! my Maryland!  
For life and death, for woe and weal,  
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,  
Maryland! my Maryland!

4

I hear the distant thunder hum,  
Maryland! my Maryland!  
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,  
Maryland! my Maryland!  
Come! to thine own heroic throng,  
That stalks with Liberty along,  
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,  
Maryland! my Maryland!



# Massa's In De Cold Ground

Moderato

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*mf*

1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing, De dark-ey's mourn-ful songs, —  
 2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing, — When de days were cold, 'Twas  
 3. Mas - sa make de dar-kies love him, — Cayse he was so kind, —

While de mocking bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day is — long. —  
 hard to hear ol' mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and — old. —  
 Now deysad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be-hind, I

Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing, O'er de gras - sy mound. —  
 Now de or-angetree am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore. —  
 can - not work be-fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear-drops flow, I

## CHORUS

Dere old mas-sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.  
 Now de sum-merdays are com - ing, Mas-sa nebbber calls no more. Back in de cornfield  
 try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pickin' on de old ban - jo.

Heard dat mournful sound.

All de darkies am a - weep-ing, Massa's in de cold cold ground.



# The Old Cabin Home

205

Moderato

*mf*

1. I am go - ing far a - way, far a - way to leave you now, To the  
 2. I am going to leave this land, with — all this dar - key band, All the  
 3. When old age is com - ing on, and my hair is turn - ing gray, I will

*cresc*

Miss - is - sip - pi ri - ver I am go - ing; And I'll take my old ban - jo, And I'll  
 wide - world - o - ver to roam; — But — when I'm tired and weary, I will  
 hang - up the ban - jo all a - lone; — And to pass the time a - way, I will

*dim*

sing this lit - tle song }  
 lay me down to rest } 'Way down in my old ca - bin home.  
 sit down by the fire }

CHORUS (Slower)

*mf*

Down in my old ca - bin home, — There lies my sis - ter and my broth - er, —

*cresc*

*dim*

There lies my wife, she was the joy of my life, And the child in the grave with its mother.

## Dixie Land

DAN EMMET

Lively

*mf*

1. { I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am  
In Dix-ie-land whar- I was born in, Ear-ly on one  
2. Old Mis-sus-Ma-ry — "Will-de-wea-ber" Will-ium was a  
3. But when he put his arms a-round her, He smiled as fierce as a  
His face was sharp as a butch-ers cleav-er, But soon af-ter  
Old Mis-sus act-ed de fool-ish part, And died for a man dat

*cresc**f**dim*

not for-got-ten, }  
fros-ty morn-ing, } Look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie Land.  
gay de-cea-ber, }  
for-ty pound-er, } Look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie Land.  
he did leave'er, }  
broke her heart } Look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie Land.

*f*  
Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In

Dix-ie Land I'll take my stand, to lib and die in Dix-ie, A -

way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie, A -

way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

4. Now here's a health to the next old Missus,  
And all de gals dat want to kiss us,  
Look away! etc.  
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,  
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,  
Look away! etc.

5. Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter,  
Makes you fat or a little fatter,  
Look away etc.  
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,  
To Dixie's land, I'm bound to trabble,  
Look away etc.

## Kingdom Coming

*Allegro*

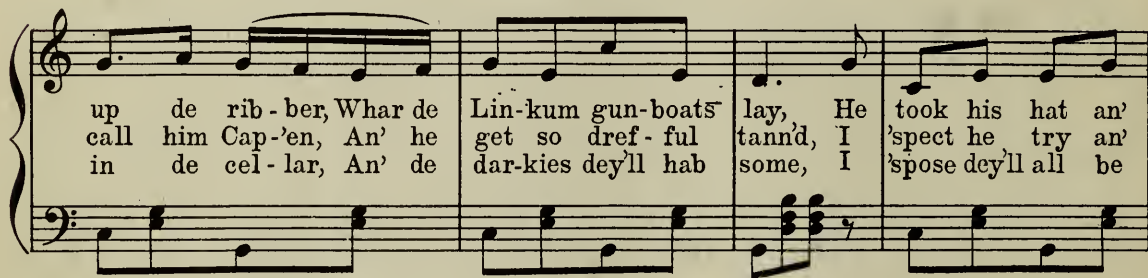
H. C. WORK

1. Say, dar-kies hab you seen de mas-sa, Wid de muff-stash on his  
2. He's six foot one way, two foot tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred  
3. De dar-kies feel so lone-some lib-bing In de log-house on de

face, Go 'long de road some - time dis morn-in', Like he  
pound, His coat so big he couldn't pay de tail - or, An' it  
lawn, Dey move der tings to mas - sa's par - lor For to



gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke 'way  
wont go half - way round. He drill so much dey  
keep it while he's gone. Dar's wine and ci - der



up de rib - ber, Whar de Lin-kum gun-boats lay, He took his hat an'  
call him Cap-'en, An' he get so dref - ful tann'd, I 'spect he try an'  
in de cel - lar, An' de dar-kies dey'll hab some, I 'spose dey'll all be

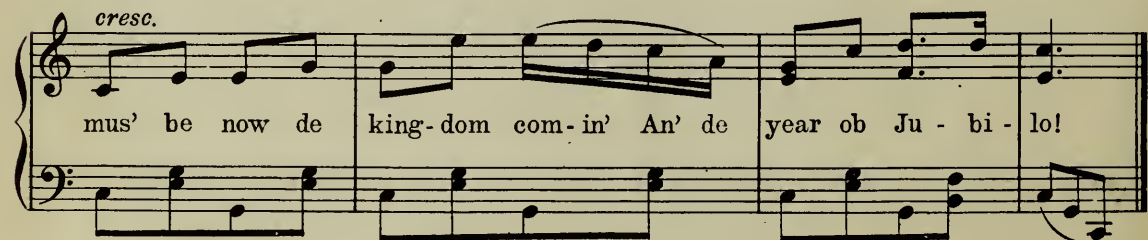


lef ber - ry sud - den, An' I 'spec' he's run a - way.  
fool dem — Yan-kees For to tink he's con - tra - band. De  
con - fis — cat - ed, When de Lin - kum so - jers come.

## CHORUS



Mas - sa run? Ha, Ha! De dar - kies stay? Ho, Ho! It



*cresc.*  
mus' be now de king-dom com-in' An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!



## Old Black Joe

STEPHEN FOSTER

Andante espressivo

*mf*

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,  
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way;  
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain?  
 chil - dren so dear, that I held up - on my knee?

Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know.  
 Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I  
 Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.

*cresc.**dim.*

CHORUS

*p*

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe;" I'm coming, I'm coming, For my

*cresc.**dim.*

head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe."

## My Old Kentucky Home

Moderato

STEPHEN FOSTER

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis summer the darkies are gay; The  
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On meadow, the hill and the shore; They  
 3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Where ev- er the dark-ey may go; A

corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in bloom, While the birds make music all the day. The  
 sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The  
 few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the fields where sugar canes grow. A

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; B'yn  
 day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row, where all was de-light; The  
 few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter 'twill nev-er be bright. A

bye hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door,  
 time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night.  
 few more days 'til we tot-ter on the road,

## CHORUS

*mf*

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will

*cresc.* *dim.*

sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For my old Ken-tuck-y home far a - way.

## Oh! Dem Golden Slippers

Allegro

J. A. BLAND

*mf*

1. Oh my gol- den slippers am 'a - laid a-way, Kase I don't s'pect to wear 'em till my  
 2. Oh my ole ban-jo hangs on de wall, Kase it ain't been tuned since  
 3. So it's good-bye, chil-lun I will have to go Whar de rain don't fall or de

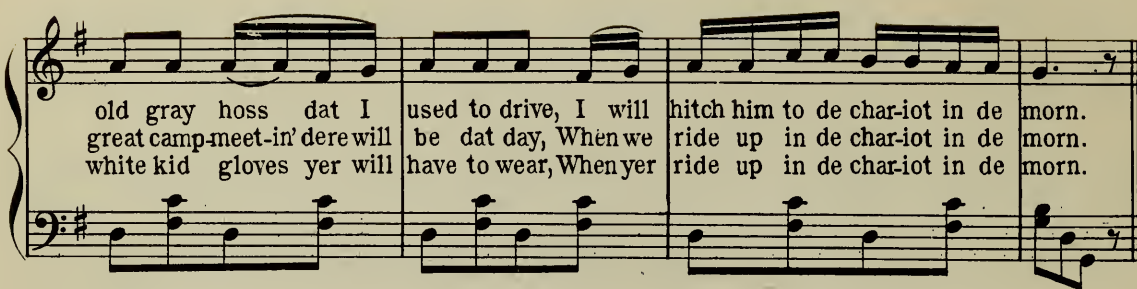
wed-din' day, An' my long tail'd coat, dat I lov'd so well, I will  
 way last fall, But de darks all say we will hab a good time, When we  
 wind don't blow, An' yer il - ster coats, why yer will not need, When yer

*mf*

wear up in de char-iot in de morn. An' my long white robe dat I  
 ride up in de char-iot in de morn. Dar's ole Brud-der Ben and  
 ride up in de char-iot in de morn. But yer gold-en slip-pers must be

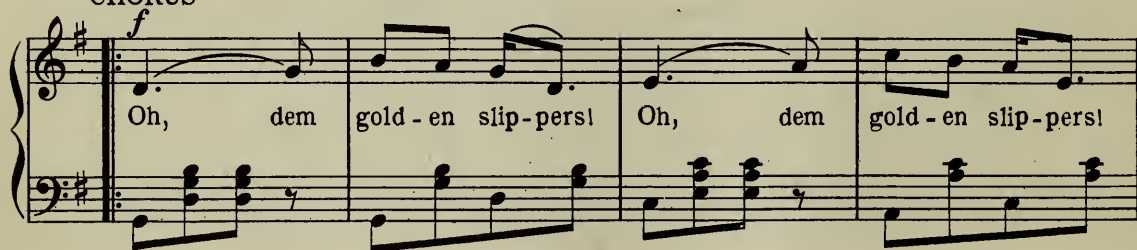
bo't last June, I'm gwine to git chang'd kase it fits too soon, An' de  
 Sis-ter Luce, Dey will tel - e-graph de news to Un-cle Bac - co Juice, What a  
 nice and clean, An' yer age must be just sweet six-teen, An' yer



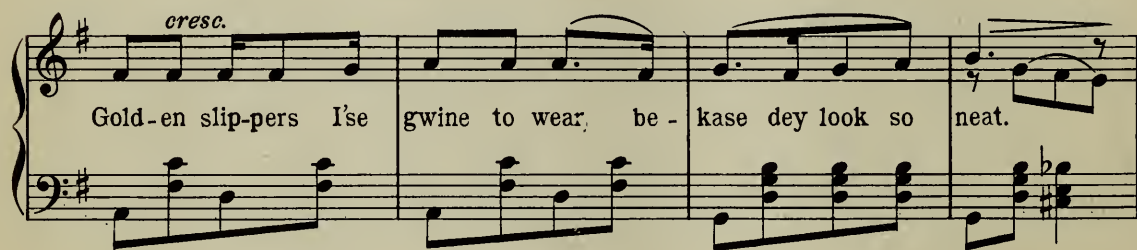


old gray hoss dat I used to drive, I will hitch him to de char-iot in de morn.  
great camp-meet-in' dere will be dat day, When we ride up in de char-iot in de morn.  
white kid gloves yer will have to wear, When yer ride up in de char-iot in de morn.

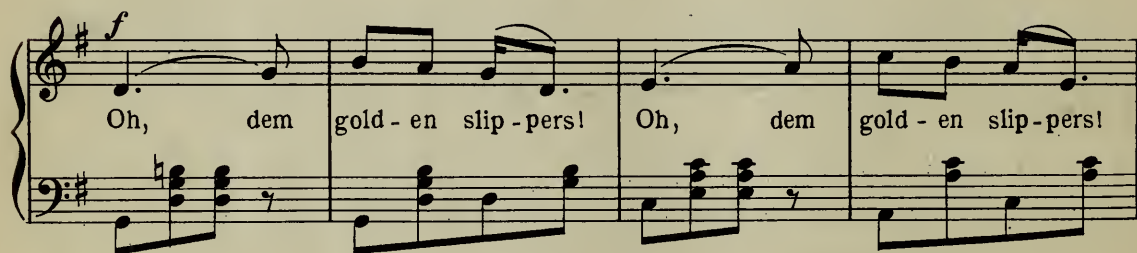
## CHORUS



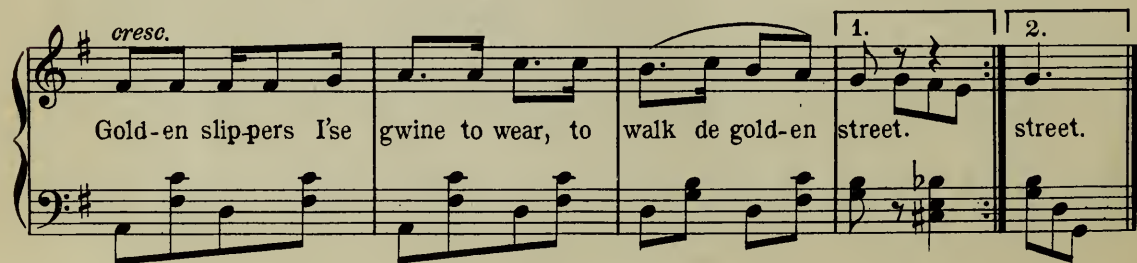
*f*  
Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers!



*cresc.*  
Gold-en slip-pers I'se gwine to wear, be-kase dey look so neat.



*f*  
Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers!



*cresc.*  
Gold-en slip-pers I'se gwine to wear, to walk de gold-en street. 1. 2. street.



# Nelly Bly

213

Moderato

STEPHEN FOSTER

*mf*

1. Nel - ly Bly! Nel - ly Bly!  
2. Nel - ly Bly! hab a voice,  
3. Nel - ly Bly! shuts her eye

bring de broom a - long, We'll  
like de tur - tle dove, I  
when she goes to sleep, —

*cresc.*

*dim.*

sweep de kitch - en clean, my dear, And  
hears it in the mead - ow and I  
When she wak - ens up a - gain, Her

hab a lit - tle song.  
hears it in the grove;  
eye balls 'gin to peep. De

Poke de wood, my la - dy lub, And  
Nel - ly Bly — hab a heart, Warm  
way she walks she lifts her foot, And

make de fi - ah burn, And  
as a cup of tea, And  
den she brings it down, And

*cresc.*

*dim.*

while I take de ban - jo down, Just  
big - ger dan de sweet po - ta - toe  
when it lights, dere's mu - sic dah, In

gib de mush a turn.  
Down in Ten - nes - see.  
that part ob de town.

CHORUS

*dim.*

Heigh! Nel - ly! Ho! Nel - ly!

lis - ten lub, to me, I'll

*cresc.* sing for you, play for you, a *dim.* dul - cem mel - o - dy.

*f* Heigh! Nel - ly! Ho! Nel - ly! lis - ten, lub, to me, I'll

*cresc.* sing for you, play for you, a *dim.* dul - cem mel - o - dy.

## The Poor Old Slave

Andante

*mf* *dim.*

1.'Tis just a year a - go to - day That I re - mem - ber  
 2. She took my army, we walk'd a - long, In to an o - pen  
 3. But since that time, how things have chang'd poor Nell who was my

*cresc.*

well, I sat down by poor Nel - ly's side, And a  
 field, And then she paused to breathe a - while, Then  
 bride, Is laid be - neath the cold grave sod, With her

*dim.*

sto - ry she did tell. 'Twas 'bout a poor un -  
to his grave did steal. She sat down by that  
fath - er by her side. I plant - ed there up -

*cresc.*

hap - py slave, Who lived for man - y a year, But  
lit - tle mound, And soft - ly whis - per'd there, Come  
on her grave, The weep - ing wil - low tree, I

*mf*

now he's dead and in his grave, No mas - ter does he fear.  
to me, fath - er, 'tis thy child, And gent - ly dropp'd a tear.  
bathed its roots with ma - ny a tear, That it might shel - ter me. The

*mf* **CHORUS** *cresc.* *f*

poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free, Dis -

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

turb him not, but let him rest, Way down in Ten - nes - see.

# The Star Spangled Banner

Words by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Moderato

1. Oh! — say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we  
 2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haught-y

hail'd at the host in dread twi-light's last gleaming! Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the per-il-ous  
 host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing

fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing; And the rock-ets red  
 steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the

glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still  
 gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed now shines in the

there. Oh! say, does that star-spang-led ban-ner yet wave, — O'er the  
 stream.



land — of the free, and the home of the brave!

3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country they'd leave us no more!  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

4. Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,  
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation,  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,  
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation;  
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"

## We're Tenting To-night

WALTER KITTREDGE

Slowly

*mf*

1. We're —	tent - ing to - night	on the	old camp - ground,
2. We've been	tent - ing to - night	on the	old camp - ground,
3. We are	tir - ed of war	on the	old camp - ground,
4. We've been	fight - ing to - day	on the	old camp - ground,

*dim* Give us a song to cheer our — wea - ry hearts, A  
Think-ing of days gone by, of the loved ones at home, That  
Man - y are dead and gone, of the brave — and true Who've  
Man - y are ly - ing near, — Some — are dead And

song — of home, — and friends we love so dear.  
gave us the hand, — and the tear — that said "Good -  
left — their homes, — oth - ers been wound - ed long.  
some — are dy - ing, — man - y are in tears.

## CHORUS

*mf* *cresc*

Man - y are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wish - ing for the war to

*f*

end, Man - y are the hearts look - ing for the right, To

*dim* *mf*

see the dawn of peace. Tent - ing to - night,

*cresc* *dim*

Tent - ing to - night, tent - ing on the old camp ground.

*D.C.*

*4th Verse* *dim* *poco* *a poco* *pp*

Dy - ing on the old camp ground.

# Marching Through Georgia

With Spirit

HENRY C. WORK

*f*  
1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys, we'll  
2. How the dark-ies shout - ed when they  
3. Yes and there were Un - ion men who  
4. "Sher-man's dash-ing Yan - kee boys will

sing an-oth - er song,  
heard the joy - ful sound,  
wept with joy - ful tears,  
nev - er reach the coast,"

*cresc.*  
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world a-long;  
How the turkeys gobble which our com-mis-sa - ry found!  
When they saw the honord flag they had not seen for years;  
So the sau-cy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,

*ff*  
Sing it as we used to sing it  
How the sweet potatoes ev - en  
Hardly could they be restrained from  
Had they not for-got a-las to

fif - ty thous-and strong,  
start - ed from the ground,  
break-ing forth in cheers,  
reck - on with the host,

While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. Hur-

## CHORUS

*ff*  
rah! Hur-rah! we bring the Jubilee! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! the flag that makes you free!

*cresc.*  
So we sang the chorus from At-lanta to the sea,

While we were marching thro' Geor- gia.



# The Red, White And Blue

THOMAS A. BECKET

Tempo di Marcia

1. Oh, Co-lum-bia the gem of the o-ccean, The home of the brave and the  
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-  
 3. The star-spangled banner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it

free, — The shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion, A —  
 form, — The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co —  
 wave, — May the wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its

world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy — mandates make he-roes as —  
 lum-bia rode safe thro'the storm. With the gar-lands of vic-try a —  
 stars cease to shine on the brave. May the ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er

sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view, Thy —  
 round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her  
 sev-er, But — hold to their col-ors so true, The —

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue. When  
 flag float-ing proudly be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue. The  
 Ar-m-y and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Three



## CHORUS

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy—  
 boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her  
 cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The—

ban-ners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
 flag float - ing proud - ly be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
 Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Maestoso

## America

SAMUEL F. SMITH

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
 3. Let mu - sic, swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,  
 4. Our fath - ers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the  
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy wood and  
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's

Pil - gims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.  
 tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

## Flag Of The Free

R. WAGNER

Andante

*mf*

1. Flag of the free, Fair - est to see!  
2. Flag of the brave, Long may it wave,

*cresc* *dim*

Borne thro' the strife and the thun - der of war,  
Cho - sen of God while his might we a - dore, In

*mf*

Ban - ner so bright, with star - ry light,  
Lib - er - ty's van, for man hood of man,

*cresc* *dim*

Float ev - er proud - ly from moun - tain to shore,  
Sym - bol of right thro' the years pass - ing o'er.

*mf* *cresc*

Em - blem of Free - dom, hope to the slave,  
Pride of our coun - try, hon - or'd a - far,

*mf* *cresc*

Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,  
Scat - ter each cloud that would dark - en a star,

## CHORUS

*f*

While thro' the sky, loud rings the cry,

*cresc*

Un - ion and Lib - er - ty one, ev - er more!

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

March time

GEORGE F. ROOT

*mf*

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, moth - er dear, of you, And our  
2. In the bat - tle front we stood, When their fier - cest charge they made, And they  
3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day, That shall

*cresc* *dim*

bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the  
swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be -  
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the

*cresc*

tears they fill, my eyes, Spite of  
fore we reach'd their lines, They were  
hol - low eye grows bright, And the

all that I can do, Tho' I  
bea - ten back dis - may'd, And we  
poor heart al - most gay, As we

try to cheer my com - rades and be  
heard the cry of vic - try o'er and gay.  
think of see - ing home and friends once o'er.  
more.

**CHORUS** *f*

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing,

*cresc*

Cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be - neath the star - ry flag, We shall

*cresc*

breathe the air a - gain, Of the free land in our own be - lov - ed home.



# Columbia, God Preserve Thee Free!

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Moderato

J. HAYDN.

*mf* *cresc.* *mf*

1. Ark of Free-dom, Glo-ry's dwelling, Columbia, God preserve thee free! When the  
 2. Land of high, he-ro-ic glo-ry, Land whose touch bid slav'ry flee! Land whose  
 3. Vain-ly gainst thine arm con-tend-ing, Ty-rants know thy might, and flee! Free-dom's

*cresc.* *mf*

storms are round thee swell-ing, Let thy heart be strong in thee, God is  
 name is writ in sto-ry, Rock and ref-uge of the free, Ours thy  
 cause on earth de-fend-ing, Man has set his hope on thee, Wid-ning

*cresc.* *f.*

with thee, wrong re-pell-ing, He a-lone thy cham-pion be.  
 great-ness, ours thy glo-ry, We will e'er be true to thee. { Ark of  
 glo-ry, peace un-end-ing, Thy re-ward and por-tion be.

*dim.* *f.*

Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell-ing! Co-lum-bia, God pre-serve thee free! Ark of

*dim.*

Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell-ing! Co-lum-bia, God pre-serve thee free!

# Rally 'Round the Flag

Tempo di Marcia

W. B. BRADBURY

*mf*

1. Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love,  
2. Float - ing high a - bove us, Glow - ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts,

*cresc.* *mf*

On the land and seas, - Brave hearts are un - der ours, Hearts that need no brag,  
Of a free - dom won, - Who dares to sul - ly it, Bought with precious blood?

*cresc.*

Gal - lant lads — fire a - way, And fight — for the flag.  
Gal - lant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood.

*cresc.* *mf*

Gal - lant lads fire a - way, And fight — for the flag. Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,  
Gal - lant lads fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood. Float - ing high a - bove us,

Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love, On the land and seas.  
Glow - ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts, Of a free - dom won.

*f* Let our col - ors fly, boys, *dim.* Guard them day and night, For

*f* vic - to - ry is lib - er - ty, And *cresc.* God will bless the right! Then

**CHORUS**  
*f* ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round, ral - ly 'round,

Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round the flag! *f* Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,

Ral - ly 'round, ral - ly 'round, Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round the flag.

## Yankee Doodle

Lively *f*

1. — Fath'r and I went down to camp A - long with Cap-tain Good - 'in; And  
 2. And there we see a thou-sand men, As rich as Squi-re Da - vid, And  
 3. And there was Cap-tain Wash-ing-ton, Up - on a slapping stal - lion, A -

there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.  
 what they was - ted ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.  
 giv - ing or - ders to his men, I guess there was a mil - lion.

## CHORUS

Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, — Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step and with the girls be han - dy.

4.

And then the feathers on his hat,  
 They look'd so very fine, ah!  
 I wanted peskily to get,  
 To give to my Jemina.

5.

And there I see a swamping gun,  
 Large as a log of maple,  
 Upon a mighty little cart,  
 A load for father's cattle.

6.

And ev'ry time they fired it off,  
 It took a horn of powder,  
 It made a noise like father's gun,  
 Only a nation louder.

7.

And there I see a little keg,  
 Its head all made of leather,  
 They knock'd up on't with little sticks,  
 To call the folks together.



# When Johnny Comes Marching Home

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March tempo

L. LAMBERT

*mf*

1. When John-ny comes march-ing home a-gain, Hur-rah!— Hur-  
 2. The old— church bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah!— Hur-  
 3. Get read-y for the ju-bi-lee, Hur-rah!— Hur-

*cresc.*

rah!— We'll give him a heart-y wel-come then, Hur-  
 rah!— To wel-come home our dar-ling boy, Hur-  
 rah!— We'll give— the he-ro three times three, Hur-

*f*

rah!— Hur-rah!— The men will cheer, the  
 rah!— Hur-rah!— The vil-lage lads and  
 rah!— Hur-rah!— The lau-rel wreath is

*cresc.*

boys will shout, The la-dies they— will all turn out,  
 las-sies say, With ro-ses they— will strew the way, And we'll  
 rea-dy now, To place up-on his loy-al brow,

*ff*

all feel gay when John-ny comes march-ing home.—

## Hail, Columbia

PROF. FAYLES

Maestoso

1. — Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land, — Hail, ye he - roes,  
 2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots rise once more, De - fend your rights, de -  
 3. — Sound, — sound the trump of fame, — Let — Wash - ing -

Heav'n born band, Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, Who  
 fend your shores, Let no rude foe with im - pi - ous hand, Let  
 ton's great name, Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Ring

fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, And when the storm of  
 no rude foe with im - pi - ous hand, In - vade the shrine where  
 thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Let ev - 'ry clime to

war was gone, En - joyed the peace your  
 sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the  
 free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a

val - or won. Let in - de - pend - ence be our boast, —  
 well earn'd prize. While off - 'ring peace sin - cere and just, In  
 joy - ful ear. With e - qual skill, with God - like pow'r, He

*mf*

Ev - er mind - ful      what it cost, —      Ev - er grate - ful  
 Heav'n we place a      man - ly trust, That      truth and jus - tice  
 gov - erns in the      fear - ful hour, Of      hor - rid war or

for — the — prize, —      Let its al - tar —      reach the skies.  
 will — pre - vail, And      ev - 'ry scheme of —      bond - age fail.  
 guides with — ease, The      hap - pier times — of —      hon - est peace.

CHORUS

Firm, u - ni - ted      let — us — be,      *cresc* Rally - ing 'round our

*cresc*

lib - er - ty;      As a land of —      broth - ers — joined,

*ff*

Peace — and — safe - ty      we shall find.

# The Battle-Cry of Freedom

GEO. F. ROOT

March Time

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,  
 2. We are spring-ing to the call, Of our broth-ers gone be - fore,  
 3. Oh, then, ral - ly 'round our flag, boys, where - ev - er it may wave,

Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free-dom, We will ral - ly from the 'hill - side, we'll  
 Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free-dom, And we'll fill the va - cant ranks With a  
 Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free-dom, From the North-land tried and true, From the

gath-er from the plain; Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free - dom.  
 mil - lion pa - triots more, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free - dom. The  
 South-land ev - er brave, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free - dom.

## CHORUS

*ff* Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, Hur-rah! Bright in its glo - ry

*dim* shines ev - 'ry star, While we *ff* ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, —



ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free - dom.

## Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

Moderato

*mf*

1. Mine — eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is  
 2. I have seen him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred circ - ling camps, They have  
 3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in bur - nish'd rows of steel, 'As ye  
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat, He is

tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored, He hath  
 built - him an al - tar in the ev - 'ning dews and damps, I have  
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal, 'Let the  
 sift - ing out the hearts of men, be - fore his judg - ment seat, O be

loos'd the fate - ful light - ning of his ter - ri - ble, swift sword, His  
 read his right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His  
 he - ro born of wo - man crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since  
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him Be ju - bi - lant, my feet, Our

truth is march - ing on.  
 day is march - ing on.  
 God is march - ing on.  
 God is march - ing on.

**ff** CHÖRUS  
 Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on!

Maestoso

## Our Land, O Lord

MICHAEL HAYDN

*cresc.*

*f*  
1. Our land, O Lord, with song of praise, Shall in — thy  
2. Thy sure de - fense thro' na - tions round, Hath spread our  
3. In deep dis - tress a pa - triot land, Im - plored thy

*dim.* *f*  
strength re - joice, — And blessed with thy — sal -  
coun - try's name, — And all her hum - ble  
pow'r to save, — For lib - er - ty they

*cresc.*  
va - tion raise, To heav'n a cheer - ful voice.  
ef - forts crowned, With free - dom and with fame.  
pray'd thy hand The time - ly bless - ings gave.

# Servian National Hymn

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Marcato

*f*

Rise, O Ser - vians, rise to fight, Lift to heav'n thy  
*U - staj, u - staj, Sr - bi - ne, U - staj na - o*

*cresc.*

ban - ners bright, For your aid loud calls your coun - try,  
*ruž jè! Dan te će - ka noc vec - be - ga,*

*ff*

From the — ty-rant hand to save. March, march  
*U - staj - ne - o - kle - raj Na no -*

on and rout our en - e - my,  
*ge, Sr - bi bra — čo,*

March, and fight to make you free.  
*Slo — bo — da — zo — ve.*

# God Save The King

(English National Hymn)

Maestoso

*f*

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our  
 2. O Lord, our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his  
 3. Thy choi - cest gifts in store, On him be

no - ble King, God save the King!  
 en - e - mies, And make them fall.  
 pleased to pour, Long may he reign.

*ff*

Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,  
 Con-found their pol - i - tics, Frustrate their kna - vish tricks,  
 May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause,

Long to — reign o — ver us, God — save the King!  
 On thee — our — hopes we fix, God — save the King!  
 To sing — with — heart and voice, God — save the King!

# The Minstrel Boy

(Irish National Song)

Moderato

*mf*

1. The min - strel boy, — to the war is gone, In the  
 2. The min - strel fell — but the foe - man's chain, Could not



ranks of death — you'll find — him, His  
bring his proud — soul un - - - der, The

*mf*  
fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung — be-  
harp he lov'd — nev-er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords — a -

*f*  
hind — him — "Land of Song." said the war - rior bard, "Tho'  
sun - der, And said "No chains shall — sul - ly thee, Thou

*rit.* *mf a tempo*  
all the world be - trays — thee, One sword at least, thy —  
soul of love and bra - ve - ry! The songs were made for the

*dim.*  
rights shall guard, One — faith- ful harp — shall praise — thee!  
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound — in sla - - ve - ry!"

# The Wearing of the Green

(Irish National Song)

Allegretto

*mf*

1. { Oh,— Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing  
 { St.— Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, his col - or can't be  
 2. { Then— since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el  
 { You may take the sham-rock from your hat now, cast it on the

*cresc.*

*dim.*

'round? The sham-rock is for - bid by law, to grow on I - rish ground,  
 seen, For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the wear - ing of the green.  
 red, Sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed.  
 sod, But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der foot it's trod.

*f*  
 I — met with Napper Tan - dy, and he took me by the hand, And he said "How's poor old  
 When the law can stop the blades of green from growing as they grow, And when the leaves in

Ire - land, and how — does she stand?" "She's the most dis - tress - ful country — that  
 sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show, Then — I will change the col - or that I

*cresc.*

*dim.*

ev - er yet was seen; They're hang - ing men and wo - men there for wearing of the green?  
 wear in my can - teen; But 'till that day, please God I'll stick to wearing of the green.

# Killarney

(Irish National Song)

M. W. BALFE

Moderato

*mf*

1 By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and  
 2 In - nis - fal - len's ru - ined shrine, May sug - gest a  
 3 No place else can charm the eye, With such bright and

wind - ing bays, Moun - tain paths and wood-land dells,  
 pass - ing sigh, But man's faith can ne'er de - cline,  
 va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by,

Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays.  
 Such Gods won - ders float - ing by.  
 Ver - dure broid - ers or be-sprinks

*mf* *cresc. e rit.*  
 Bount - eous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders  
 Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na Bay, Moun - tains Tore and  
 Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn springs

*mf a tempo*  
 ev - 'ry - where, Foot - prints leaves on man - y strands,  
 Ea - gles' Nest, Still at Mu - cross you must pray,  
 na - tal day, Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows,

*rit.* *a tempo.*

But her home is sure - ly there. An - gels fold their  
 Tho' the monks are now at rest. An - gels won - der  
 Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft - en

wings and rest, In that E - den of the West,  
 not that man, There would fain pro - long life's span,  
 paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair,

Beau - ty's home Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

## The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls

(Irish National Song)

*Andante*

*mf*

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, the soul of mu - sic shed, Now  
 2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright the harp of Ta - ra swells, The

*cresc.* *dim.*

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled; So  
 chord a - lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus



*cresc.**dim.*

sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And  
Free-dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is

hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel the pulse no more!  
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives!

## St. Patrick's Day

(Irish National Song)

*Allegretto**mf*

1. Tho' dark are our sor - rows, to - day we'll forget them, And smile thro' our tears like a  
2. Con - tempt on the min - ion who calls you dis - loy - al, Tho' fierce to your foe, to your

sun - beam in show'rs, There nev - er were hearts if our ru - lers would let them, More  
friends we are true; The trib - ute most high to a head that is roy - al, Is

form'd to be grate - ful and blest than ours! But just when the chain has  
love from a heart that loves lib - er - ty too. While cow - ards who blight your

*cresc.*

ceased to pain, And hope has en-wreathd it 'round with flow'rs, There  
fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of the bat-tle ar-ray, The

*mf*

comes a new link our spi-rit to sink! Oh! the joy that we taste like the  
stand-ard of green in front would be seen! Oh! my life on your faith! were you

light of the poles Is a flash a-mid dark-ness too bril-liant to stay, But  
sun-mon'd this min-ute, You'd cast ev'-ry bit-ter re-membrance a-way, And

*mf*

tho'twere the last lit-tle spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.  
show what the arm of old E- rin has in it, When roused by the foe on her Prince's Day.

## 3.

He loves the green Isle and his love is recorded,  
In hearts which have suffered too much to forget;  
And hope shall be crowned and attachment rewarded,  
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.  
The gem may be broke by many a stroke,  
But nothing can cloud its native ray;  
Each fragment will cast a light to the last!  
And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,  
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;  
A spirit which beams thro' each suffering past,  
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

## Spanish National Hymn

*mf*

1 { Spread the ti - dings a - far to the na - tions, —  
 1 { For the laws are the peo - ples sal - va - tion, —  
 1 { *Quien qui - sie - ra ser li - bre quea prend ra, —*  
 1 { *El pri me - ro dio - tan - do las le - yes, —*

Let them learn from the free - dom of Spain, —  
 And our King as their ser - vant shall reign. —  
*Que enres - pa - nahay un pu - eblo y un Key, —*  
*Yel se - gum do obser - van - do la ley. —*

For their coun - try, the Span - iards will dare it. Dare to  
*Espan - o - les mo rir por la Pa - tria, For Fer -*

per - ish for Lib - er - ty's cause. To the tor - ies de - struc - tion, we  
*nan doy la cons - ti - tu - cion; Los ser vil - les ju - rar des - tru*

swear it! Live for ev - er the King and the Laws.  
*ir - los, Vi - va, Vi - va la cons - ti - tu - cion.*

# Japanese National Hymn

Maestoso

*f*

May our gra-cious      Emp-p'ror reign,      Till a thou-sand,  
 Ki-mi ga      yo      wa      Chi-yo ni

*cresc*

yea, ten thou-sand      years shall roll,      Till the sand      in the brook-let  
 ya-chi-yo ni      Sa-za-ré      ish-i no      I wa-o to

*dim*      *cresc*

grows to stone,      And the moss      from these peb-bles      em-er-alds make!  
 na-ri-té,      Ko-ké, no      mu-su      ma      dé.

## The Campbells Are Comin'

(Scotch National Song)

Allegro

*mf*

1. The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in', O -  
 2. The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in', O -

*cresc*

ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in' to      bon-nie Loch Lev-en, The  
 ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in' to      bon-nie Loch Lev-en, The



*dim*

Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! Up- on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, Up-  
 Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The great Ar-gyle - he goes be-fore - He

on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, I looked down to  
 makes the can-nons and guns to roar, Wi' sounds trum-pets

bon-nie Loch Le-ven And saw three bon-nie perch-es play. } The  
 fife and drums The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! }

## CHORUS

*f*

Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The

*cresc*

Camp-bells are com-in', to bon-nie Loch Lev-en, The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho!

# The Marseillaise

(French National Song)

Marcato

1. Sol-diers of France, the morn is break - ing, The day of  
 2. Ye ty - rants quake, your day is o - - ver, De - test - ed  
 1. Al - lons, en - fants de la pa - trie Le jour de

glo - ry dawns at last! See the ty - rant's ban - ner  
 now by friend and foe! Who your base de - signs dis -  
 gloire est ar - ri - ve! Con - tre nous de la tyr -

shak - ing, As it base - ly streams in the blast. As it  
 cov - er, Ye shall die as trai - tors do, Ye shall  
 an - nie L'é - ten - dard sang - lant est le ve L'é - ten -

base - ly streams in the blast. The field of bat - tle lies be -  
 die as trai - tors do, Each gal - lant heart with zeal o'er -  
 dard sang - lant est le ve, En - ten - dez vous dans ces cam -

fore you, Fierce foe - men ad - vance in their pride, Con -  
 flow - ing Goes ea - ger - ly forth at the call, Tho'  
 pagn - es, Mu - gir ces fer - o - ces sol - dats Ils

fu - sion spread - ing far and wide, While for  
 some may for their coun - try fall, Oth -  
 vi en - nent jusque dans vos bras, E - gor -

*dim.*

aid your chil - dren im - plore you } To  
 ers will hear bu - gles blow - ing } Aux  
 ger vos fils, vos com - pag - nes

arms \_\_\_\_\_ and hence a - way! To arms \_\_\_\_\_ this glo - rious  
 arm \_\_\_\_\_ es, cit - oy - ens! For - mez \_\_\_\_\_ vos bat - tail -

day! March on, march on, Brave sons of  
 lons! March - ons, march - ons, Qu'un sang im -

France to \_\_\_\_\_ fame \_\_\_\_\_ and vic - to ry!  
 pur, A \_\_\_\_\_ breuve \_\_\_\_\_ nos sil - lons!



# The Blue Bells Of Scotland

(Scottish National Song)

Moderato

*mf*

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your  
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your

Highland laddie gone? He's gone with streaming banners, Where no - ble deeds are done, And it's  
Highland laddie dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scotland, Where bloom the sweet blue bell, And it's

oh! in my heart, I — wish him safe at home He's gone with streaming banners, Where  
oh! in my heart, I — lo'e my lad-die well, He dwelt in bon - nie Scotland, Where

no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh! in my heart I — wish him safe at home.  
bloom the sweet blue bells, And it's oh! in my heart I — lo'e my laddie well.

What clothes, in what clothes  
Is your Highland laddie clad?  
What clothes, in what clothes  
Is your Highland laddie clad?  
His bonnet's Saxon green  
And his waistcoat is of plaid,  
And it's oh! in my heart  
That I lo'e my Highland lad.

Suppose, and suppose  
That your Highland lad should die?  
Suppose, and suppose  
That your Highland lad should die?  
The bagpipes shall play o'er him,  
And I'd lay me down and cry,  
And it's oh! in my heart,  
That I wish he may not die.



# Russian National Hymn

Maestoso

1. God, the All - ter - ri - ble,  
1. Bo - jé tsa - ria khra - ni!

Thou who or - dain - est  
Sil - nyi der - jav - nyi

Thun - der Thy  
Tsarst - voie na

*cresc.*

clar - i - on and  
Sla - - vyi na

light - ning Thy sword.  
sla - vü — nam.

*dim.*

*gva*

Show forth Thy  
Tsarst - voie na

pi - ty on  
strakh vra - gam,

high — where Thou reign - est  
Tsar - pra - vo - slav - nyi!

Give to us  
Bo - -

peace in our  
jé — tsa

*dim.*

time, O Lord.  
ria khra - ni!

2.

3.

God, the All-merciful, Earth hath forsaken;  
Thy holy ways, and hath slighted Thy word.  
Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken,  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the Omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,  
Watching invisible, judging unheard,  
Save us in mercy, and save us in danger,  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

# March of the Men of Harlech

(Welsh National Song)

Marcato

cresc.

dim.

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low  
 1. We-le goel-certh wen yn fflam-io, A thaf-od-au tân yn bloedd-io,

Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low, Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?  
 Ar ir dew-rion ddod i da-'ro, Un-waith et-on un.

8va

'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men  
 Gan fan llef-au ty-wys-og-ion, Llais gel-yn-ion, trwst arf-og-ion,

Be they knights, or hinds or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground!  
 A char-lam-iad y march-og-ion, Craig ar graig a grŷn!

8va

Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The  
 Ar-fon byth ni or-fydd, Con-ir yn dra-gy-wydd. —

*cresc* *poco* *a* *poco*

pla - cid sky now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in — thun - der!  
*Cym - ru fydd fel. Cym - ru fu, Yn glod - us - yn - mysz - gwled - ydd,*

*ff* *dim*

On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us He is — brav - est he who leads us,  
*Ngwyn ol - eu - ni'r goel - certh ac - w, Tros wef - us - au Cym - ro'n ma - rw,*

*cresc* *dim*

Hon - ors self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right!  
*An - ni byn - iaeth sydd yn gal - w, Am ei dewr - af dyn.*

2.

Rocky steeps and passes narrow,  
 Flash with spear and flight of arrow;  
 Who would think of death or sorrow,

Death is glory now!

Hurl the reeling horsemen over,  
 Let the earth dead foemen cover;  
 Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,

Trembles on a blow!

Strands of life are riven,

Blow for blow is given,

In deadly lock or battle shock,

And mercy shrieks to heaven!

Men of Harlech! young or hoary,

Would you win a name in story,

Strike for home, for life, for glory!

Freedom! God, and Right!

3.

*Ni chaiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid;*

*Harlech! Harlech! Ewdd iw herlid;*

*Y mae Rhoddr maws ein Rhyddid,*

*Yn rhoi nerth ini;*

*Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd!*

*Yn ymdywallt o'r mynyddbedd!*

*Rhuthrant fel rhaiadrau dyfroedd*

*Llamant fel y lli!*

*Llwyddiant i'n llwyddon!*

*Rwystro bâr yr estron!*

*Cwybod yn ei galon gaiff,*

*Fel bratha cleddyf Brython;*

*Y clêdd yn erbyn clêdd a chwery*

*Dur yn erbyn dura a dery*

*Wele fâner Gwalia'i syny*

*Rhyddid aiff a hi?*

# La Brabançonne

(Belgian National Song)

Marcato

*mf*

*cresc*

1. A - way with  
2. Lui l'aur-ait

bond-age long en thrall ing! O  
dit de l'ar bi trai - re, Se - con -

Bel-gium a - wake and a - rise!  
dant les af-freux pro-jets,

Now at the voice of hon-or  
Sur nous un pin-ce san-gui-

call - - ing,  
vai - - re,

A - loft thy ban - ner  
Vient lan - cer des bou -

flies.  
lets.

Once a -  
C'en est

gain in pride and  
fait Bel - ges, tout

glo - ry,  
chan - ge, A-vec Nas-

Na-tion un-con-quer'd  
sau plus d'in-di gnes trai-

ev - er free,  
tés,

On thy  
La mi -

stan-dard, bla-zon forth the  
traille, a bri-sé lò-



sto - ry, Of King and Law and Lib - er -  
 ran - ge, Sur l'ar - bre de la li - ber -

tyl Once a - gain, in thy pride and glo - ry,  
 té, La mi - traillé a - bri - sé l'o - ran - ge, Sur

Na - tion un-con-quer'd, ev - er free, On thy stan - dard bla - zon the  
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sur l'ar - bre de la li - ber -

sto - ry Of King and Law and Lib - er - tyl  
 té, Sur l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té.

## The Maple Leaf Forever

(Canadian National Song)

Con Spirito

1. In days of yore, from Bri - tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt - less  
 2. At Queen-ston Heights and Lun - dy's Lane, Our brave fa - thers

he - ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri - tan-nia's flag On — Ca-na-da's fair do-  
side by side, For free-dom, homes and lov'd ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no - bly

*mf* main! Here may it wave, our boast and pride, And *cresc.* join'd in love to -  
died; And those dear rights which they main-tain'd, We swear to yield them

geth-er, The This - tle, Sham-rock, Rose en - twine The Ma - ple Leaf for -  
nev-er! Our watch-word ev - er - more shall be "The Ma - ple Leaf for -

*ff* CHORUS *cresc.*  
ev - er! The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for -  
ev - er!"

ev-er! God save our King and heav-en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev-er!

# The Watch on the Rhine

(German National Song)

255

Maestoso

*f* *dim.*

1. A voice re-sounds like thun-der peal, Mid dash-ing ware and clang of steel, The  
 1. Es braust ein Ruf wie Don-ner-hall, Wie Schwertge-klirr und Wo-gen prall: "Zum

*cresc.* *dim.*

Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger-man Rhine! Who guards to-day my stream di-vine?"  
 Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein! Wer will des Stro-mes Hü-ter-sein?"

*mf*

Dear Fa-ther-land! no dan-ger thine, Dear Fa-ther-land! no dan-ger thine; Firmstand thy  
 Lieb Va-ter-land! magst ru-hig sein Lieb, Va-ter-land! magst ru-hig sein; Fest steht und

*cresc.*

sons to watch, to watch the Rhine! Firmstand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine!  
 treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein! Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

2.

They stand a hundred thousand strong,  
 Quick to avenge their country's wrong;  
 With filial love their bosoms swell,  
 They'll guard the sacred land, mark well.

3.

Our oath resounds, the river flows;  
 In golden light our banner glows,  
 Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,  
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

2

Durch Hundert-tausend zuckt es schnell  
 Und aller Augen blitzen Hell;  
 Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,  
 Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.

3

Der Schwur erschallt die Woge rinnt,  
 Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind;  
 Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein!  
 Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!



## Austrian National Hymn

Moderato

*mf*

1. God pre-serve our gra-cious Emp-ror, Franz, our sov'-reign, great is —  
 1. Gott er - halt - e Franz, den Kai - ser, Un - sern gut - en Kai - ser —

Wise as rul-er, deep in knowl-edge, Na-tions his re-nown may see  
 Lang-e le - be Franz, der Kais - er, In des Gluok-es hell-stem Glan

Love en - twines a crown of lau-rel, That shall all un-fad - ing be;  
 Ihm er - blick - en Lor - beer - reis - er, Wo er geht, zum Ehr - en - kranz

God pre-serve our gra-cious Emp-ror, Franz, our sov'-reign, great is he!  
 Gott er - halt - e Franz, den Kais - er, Un - sern gut - en Kais - er Franz!

2

O'er a vast and mighty Empire,  
 Ruler and sov'reign, day by day;  
 Tho' he wields a potent sceptre,  
 All beneficent his sway!  
 From his shield the sun of justice,  
 Ever casts its purest ray!  
 God preserve our Gracious Emp'ror,  
 Our sov'reign, great is he!

2

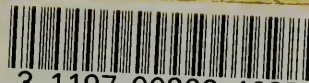
Ueber blühende Gefilde,  
 Reicht sein Scepter weit und breit;  
 Säulen seines Throns sind Milde,  
 Biedersinn und Redlichkeit,  
 Und von seinem Wappenschilde  
 Strahlet die Gerechtigkeit  
 Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,  
 Unsern guten Kaiser Franz!





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